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MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

Among the discoveries which have astonished the world—discoveries in nature, art, science, letters—there is one which has never yet been, and never can be made. The explorers of frozen seas, the delvers into deep mines, the finders of new continents, the inventors of grand novelties, have never yet discovered the dividing line between the known and the unknown. None have hitherto defined—and who can ever define?—the boundaries of knowledge. What man can say of any one thing, "This is perfect; it cannot be improved." Who shall dare to limit the future acquisitions and the advances of human learning? Who shall even say that the known is greater than the unknown? Doubtless the unknown is greater than what is known. Doubtless the discoveries that are to be are mightier than those which have been. The glory that envelopes the past is faint in comparison with that splendor which shall surround the future.

Let him who questions this prophetic truth compare the present with the past. "The child now at school," says George Bancroft, "could instruct Columbus respecting the figure of the earth, or Newton respecting light, or Franklin on electricity; the husbandman or the mechanic, in a Christian congregation, solves questions respecting God and man, and man's destiny, which perplexed the most gifted philosophers of ancient Greece."

What knowledge shall not the child of future years possess? Will not the profoundest learning of our age be familiar as household words, by-and-bye, to the common mind? The onward march of improvement is a lofty subject for our contemplation. We will consider it for a brief space, and, in relation to certain facts of our own day, offer a few thoughts, which will, we trust, not be judged commonplace.

The grandest event which has occurred during the nineteenth century, is the war which has recently been waged between the three principal powers of Europe. After continuing scarcely three years; after costing blood and treasure not to be calculated, it has been terminated by a pacification, the accomplishment of which was professed to be the aim, as it was the end, of the mighty contest.

Now, had this war been waged two centuries ago, how long would it, in all probability, have lasted? In view of the vast conflicting interests involved, at least for a score of years; but not in consequence of those interests alone would the time have been so lengthened out. The immense superiority of modern weapons of offense and defense hurried the war to its conclusion. Had the old-fashioned instruments been employed, months would have been requisite to effect that destruction which was, in the Crimea, but the light labor of days. Go back a few centuries more, and what was warfare then sounds to us like the play of children. Compare the siege of Troy, as narrated in the gorgeous verse of Homer, with the siege of Sebastopol, as described in the plain prose of Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, and the former appears a ridiculous absurdity. The huge wooden horse, concealing its small host of combatants, armed with bows and spears, seems a silly toy when contrasted with those tremendous engines which, with mathematical precision, in known parabolas, hurled monstrous masses of burning and deadly materials among the houses, through the very roofs of the doomed city. The valiant Greeks consumed ten years in the taking of Ilium; but we may venture to assert that they felt far less impatience than that which was manifested by all Christendom during the single year which preceded the downfall of Sebastopol.

But the recent and novel means and methods of warfare are

not only vastly superior to those described in dim and distant periods of history, but to those of all forerunning generations, even to so late a period as our own contest with Mexico. At this point we may be arrested by the pertinent inquiries—and what do these facts prove? Is the superiority of our modern modes and weapons of fighting an evidence of modern improvement? We answer, yes. Because whatever lessens the duration of war decreases its worst evils. Better that the destruction, which is inevitably to be, should be short and sudden, than dwindled out through tedious years, monopolizing the attention, absorbing the thoughts of men, and turning them aside from all useful and elevating interests.

Nevertheless, peace illustrates the true progress of mankind better than war. And how much more truly glorious are the triumphs of peace than the triumphs of war! The victories of peace are blessings indeed: they are the discoveries of science, the fruits of study. When Robert Fulton and Robert Livingston successfully applied steam to navigation they achieved a deed more worthily, more enduringly illustrious, than any exploit which crowned the brows of Cæsar and Napoleon with victorious wreaths. If there be an expression by which the present age can be rightly characterized, it is "The age of steam;" for, by the application of this stupendous force has the march of Modern Improvement been most accelerated. As we look upon huge masses of wood and iron driven through the water or dragged across the land by this potent agency, we behold a wonder more majestic than any which is recorded in the stories of magic. What was that philosopher's stone, after which the old alchemists toiled and toiled, in comparison with steam? That was to transmute all substances into gold, to render common a precious metal; this annihilates time and space, subdues the elements, and sets



SCENE AT SONEY ISLAND—SEA BATHING ILLUSTRATED

the wilderness down by the side of the populous mart. That was the touch of Midas; this is the finger of God!

The longest, greatest stride ever taken from the regions of the unknown into the known, was by the discovery of steam. And what undiscovered and therefore unexplored countries lie still further on! We may now be treading but on the verge, the border-land of a magnificent empire, which expands before the march of Modern Improvement.

In other marvellous ways, also, has the superiority of our age been made manifest. We have caused the Sun himself to do the task of an artist, and by his instantaneous glance depict our faces and forms, and the scenes around us. We have not only drawn lightning from the clouds, but we have arrested electricity in its free career, bidding it hasten to do our messages along our paths of wire from realm to realm, and causing it to accomplish more than the fancied sprite of Shakespeare, by putting "a girdle round about the earth" in less than "forty minutes."

But, confessedly mighty as they are, these are mere physical evidences of modern progress. Our demonstrations of mind have been quite as wonderful. We have asserted the dignity of labor; the true nobility of work. We educate the toiling multitudes. A day-laborer in our generation has larger information, is more accomplished in useful learning than any knight or Paladin, who fought by the sepulchre of Christ in Palestine. Moreover, and nobler still, a "pure and undefiled religion" is taught alike to the lofty and the low. The altars of superstition have been beaten down; they lie in dismal and indiscriminate ruin; and, high over their foundations, shoot the glittering spires of the Christian faith, pointing to Heaven!

It is amazing that, in view of such extraordinary facts, there should be found men who regret the past, who assert the inferiority of the present to some former age. Such men possess a most unphilosophical spirit. They are blind to the broadest manifestations of Modern Improvement. And these manifestations are greater, and nobler, and better than any of the Lost Arts—than any knowledge, whose wrecks strew the far-off shores of Time. It has been said that the world moves in circles in its mental as it does in the physical firmament—that mankind is but revolving back to some forgotten epoch, where all that we know was fully known. This is a false theory. The world's progress is onward, onward from the known towards the unknown. The future conceals secrets far more stupendous than those which have been revealed, though not one step nearer than now can man ever approach the dividing line between perfect knowledge and comparative ignorance. That line is the horizon of heaven, which, though seemingly near, recedes forever—which is in very truth no nearer after a thousand years' journey than in the advance of a minute. The real seat of wisdom is by the throne of God; and that is infinitely distant, sublimely inaccessible. By the heirs of time that august wisdom can never be participated; but its cloudless effulgence shall break on the visions of the good, who have passed and shall pass into the glorious possessions of Eternity.

P. B.

SCENE AT CONEY ISLAND—SEA BATHING ILLUSTRATED.

CONEY ISLAND, so famous among the New Yorkers, and the people of all the surrounding cities, as one of Neptune's marble-lined and surf-polished bathing tubs, is situated about eleven miles south of New York city, is one and a half miles long and about half a mile wide. It is one of those sand bars, legitimate breakwaters, which nature erects to keep the ever surging sea from breaking over its barriers—a visible statute, that "thus far shall thou go, and no farther." The beach has ever been held in high esteem for its macadamized qualities, being hard as mason work, and affording one of the most delightful drives in the world. Over its almost polished surface rattle with "two-forty speed" all the "fast boys," who at other times try their "goes" on the avenues, and "work their way up to High Bridge," and "Macomb's Dam," as if Kitty Sark was in the rear. So invigorating indeed is the air of Coney Island that we have known otherwise grave people—estimable citizens who attend "anniversary meetings," and have a character for due solemnity, and slow horses—we have known such examples of "the excellent and respectable" entirely enthused by a puff of sea air, and probably helped out by a "brandy smash" or something "particular," would get up a "scrub race" and make "things fly" much to the amusement of the idlers and visitors at the hotels, and more particularly to the astonishment of the poor animals in the harness, which at home were "grave-paced and slow," but were now put up to a speed entirely incompatible with old foginess and the associations of "solid men." Another peculiarity of Coney Island is the unaccountable and curious effects its air have upon the palate, causing an exceedingly "dry throat," which can only be relieved by a continual application of "cobbles," "some of the same," "Monongahela," and "Otard." These chemicals are applied with constant regularity, to remove the unpleasant sensation about the epiglottis, and with the free admixture of pounded ice effect a cure, though after leaving the patient exceedingly "prostrate," and overcome by the "apocritic" effects.

Coney Island has also ever been famous for its hotels, and the happy manner the landlords have in providing fish, oysters and soft shell crabs, which come on the table redolent in the fresh sweetness of their coral homes, filling the soul with dreams of elysium, and the mouth with delicious morsels, that melt away upon the tongue and disappear, leaving reminiscences of happiness as do spring-time dreams. When the summer solstice has grasped our city within its embrace—when our streets are heated, as if their rock-chained surfaces covered ovens—when our consumptive looking trees are smothered in dust—our places of amusement closed, our city paralyzed—then it is that Coney Island seems a paradise. The broad expanse of ocean, its glistering, dewy surface, with whisperings of invigorating breezes, the freedom of restraint, all have their effects and give a new lease of life to the oppressed denizen, and aid in putting up "another star" of health for the "winter's fashionable campaign."

But for its sea-bathing Coney Island is the "gem of the bay." How many a poor jaded man, encrusted over with the rust of crowded rooms and confined "business places," steps into the beating surf, and ere he is aware of it, feels like a happy shell-fish that has lost a worn-out crustaceous covering and comes out literally rejoicing in a new birth, increased in capacity for life, and enlarged in size. The gentler sex also have their enjoyments, and, in imitation of Venus, rise up in all their glory as children of the waves. Strange and unaccountable transformations does the mighty bosom of the ocean work upon the "belle." Shorn of hoops, despoiled of vast proportions, bereft of gay plumage, and concealed in nondescript garments, the softer sex steal down to the beach, and shrinkingly, as at the first step of matrimony, commit themselves to the embrace of old ocean. The response is grateful, the first plunge over, the sigh of surprise drawn, the shock of the element passed, the "angels" appear to be in their native element, and disport themselves as gracefully as do swans, yet more lovely in their beauty and in their fears. Chaste Diana turned the incautious gazers upon her exposed charms into trees; our modern goddesses, more merciful, turn these curious Benedicts into better things, dutiful husbands,

and thus tempering the punishment for curiosity with mercy, making men happy oftentimes against their will. Our artist, fired with enthusiasm and inspired with the subject, has caught a dash of these Coney Island bathers, and given it immortality in our illustrated page. It is a life-like incident, and will be recognized by thousands of our readers for its truthfulness, and recall ten thousand pleasing reminiscences among young and old who have been made happy on the sea beach of Coney Island.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

By the arrival of the steamship Canadian from Liverpool on the 27th ult., we have four days later news from Europe.

The steamship Fulton sailed from Southampton for New York, and the steamship City of Baltimore from Liverpool, for Philadelphia, on the 27th ult. The Cunard steamship Arabia arrived out at Liverpool on the 26th ult. The dinner to the Guards was given in the Surrey Garden, London, on the 26th ult. Two thousand men partook of it. Major Edwards, the oldest soldier in the army, presided. The whole affair passed off very pleasantly. Sir Wm. Temple, Minister at Naples, Lord Palmerston's only brother, is dead. Sir Colin Campbell is to be appointed Inspector General of Infantry. Kossuth was to lecture at Oldham. A large Chartist meeting was held at Todmorton to welcome the return of John Frost to public life. Lord Ingestre has set up claims to the estate of and titles of the deceased Earl of Shrewsbury. The suit causes some interest.

In France everything is dull. The Emperor and his family continue at Biarritz, and letter-writers continue to assert that the Emperor is suffering much from disease of the liver.

We continue without definite intelligence from Spain. The Government is occupied in appointing new officers to all the Civil Departments, and they are mostly appointed from the liberal section.

The Epoca announces that the decree to suppress the whole National Guard will appear in a day or two. The National Guard of the Province of Madrid has already been disbanded. A further sum of £30,000 on the Cuba loans of 1834 and 1837, will be paid September 5.

In Portugal we observe the bread riots are over and quiet restored. Cholera is on the decline in Lisbon.

The Portuguese government announce a loan of fifteen hundred contos in six per cent. bonds, for public works.

A great many arrests have been made, both among the troops and citizens, in the endeavor to detect a conspiracy in the recent riots. Some excitement was felt at the arrival of a strong French squadron in the Tagus.

The harvest in Portugal is now over and is even less than had been anticipated. The vines will prove a complete failure.

Disease has broken out among the cattle.

From Italy the principal item of news comes in a sheet not strictly reliable, namely: That the King of Naples, by the advice of Austria, demands to submit his differences with the Western Powers to the arbitration of a European Congress.

A very doubtful letter of the 11th says that a collision had taken place at Palermo, between the Neapolitan troops and the Swiss.

The crops are said to be not so large an average throughout the Neapolitan territory as was expected.

Austria has ordered the sequestration of property of Lombard exiles to be sold.

The Prussian papers publish minute accounts of the recent encounter between the Prussian corvette Dantzig and the pirates. The main facts do not differ from those already published. The event caused intense excitement in Berlin, but it is probably incorrect that Prussia has asked the aid of France and England—the feeling being that Prussia herself should undertake the chastisement of the pirates. Russia has volunteered two or three ships to aid any expedition that Prussia may fit out.

A letter from Hamburg says, that in the affair of the Sound Dues, great hopes are entertained that England will speedily accede to the plan of capitalization. These hopes were strengthened by the return of Mr. Buchanan, the English Minister, who had been to London to confer with his government on the subject.

ARMY.

The resignation of First Lieutenant George T. Andrews, Third Artillery, has been accepted by the President—to take effect December 31, 1856.

NAVY.

CHARLES W. ABBOT, of Rhode Island, has been appointed Purser in the navy, from the 2d of September, 1856, in place of John F. Abbot, resigned.

The United States sloop-of-war Plymouth, Commodore Green, sailed from Newport 6th inst. on a cruise.

The United States brig Bainbridge, Commodore Rowan, sailed from Rio Janeiro for Norfolk, Va., about the 27th of July.

OBITUARY.

JAMES ALDRICH.—Among the many friends of whom death, within these past few years, has bereaved us, there is not one for whom we more sincerely mourn than for him whose departure we must now record. For several years associated in editorial labors with the writer of this notice, James Aldrich was known to us as the possessor of many virtues. He was just, kind, generous, faithful, honest, honorable, true, unselfish, affectionate; his talents were varied and excellent; his love of the beautiful, pure and fervent; his taste was refined to a degree of classic simplicity; he constantly read and highly appreciated the best authors; however occupied by business, the culture of his mind was still his principal duty, his foremost work. He was bred a merchant, but, during the unfortunate epoch of 1836-7, deserted trade, and rendered his fine powers and acquisitions available in literary pursuits. He afterwards returned to commercial employments, and was again a respected and successful merchant. Stricken down by paralysis, he became, with occasional recoveries and relapses, sometimes delirious, always patiently resigned, the tenant of his chamber—a chamber, not solitary or gloomy, but cheered by the visits of loving relatives and friends, and lighted by the unfading lustre of his own happy temperament. Thus was he imprisoned for four years, for the most part blind and painfully afflicted, but not dark, not disconsolate, for his soul discerned the beams of immortal truth, and was solaced by the prospect of eternal peace.

It is well known to those familiar with American literature that the poems of James Aldrich are among its most graceful contributions. We sincerely hope that they will be collected and published in that tasteful manner, with which he would have been pleased. There are two stanzas of his, which are often quoted, on the death of a fair and lovely lady. We close this hastily-written tribute by giving them, correctly we hope, from memory; because, beautiful in themselves, they are peculiarly interesting at this time in connection with his own peaceful and lamented departure.

Her sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.
But when the sun, in all his state,
Walked in the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And stood in Paradise.

It is gratifying to notice the healthfulness of the city; the mortality of the present week showing a decrease of 57 from the number of the previous week. The number of deaths compared with corresponding weeks of 1854 and 1855, and of last week was as follows:

Week ending September 9, 1854.....	732
" " " 8, 1855.....	501
" " " August 30, 1856.....	562
" " " September 6, 1856.....	505

Decrease..... 57

Two deaths by yellow fever were returned, of which one is stated, on the authority of Dr. Wm. Rockwell, resident physician, to have been typhus, and not yellow fever, as was reported.

Lieut. Gardner, of the United States revenue cutter Taney, was drowned in Savannah harbor, by the upsetting of a boat.

MUSIC.

FOURTEENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE.—The success of the past week was fully equal to the promise derived from the three first nights. The receipts each night have been very near fifteen hundred dollars, and with no startling novelty to excite, the attraction seems in no way to diminish. The favorite opera of "Ernani" drew a large and appreciative house on Monday evening last, September 9th, and afforded an opportunity for the debut of a new tenor—new at least to our Italian stage—Signor Corese, and for the re-appearance, after several years' absence, of Signor Taffanelli, a baritone, whom we remember at the Astor Place opera house. Signor Corese is a *tenore robusto*, without any doubt, and has voice sufficient to fill Union Park, which, with many, is proof sufficient of unlimited capacity. His voice is of great compass, but possesses little either of sweetness or sympathetic quality. He has ample lungs with but little science—much force but no coloring; he will ring out *Si benedici* like the neigh of a war horse, but he cannot attune it to the murmurings of passion or sentiment. His singing is as a glare of light from which the eye

turns painfully to seek repose. So with Corese's singing, the ear literally aches for some modulation that breathes of human sympathy. He is a reliable artist, but by no means a cultivated one; he is a singer of power, but not of intelligence. He walks the stage like the fighting man in the melo-drama, and seems always ready to draw the sword and do combat unto the death. He certainly is neither graceful nor fascinating in his demeanor. The baritone, Signor Taffanelli, is a graceful and energetic actor, and a singer of excellent school and good taste. His voice is good, even and round, but it will not bear forcing without sharpening to a painful degree. He evidently understands this, and, as a general thing, manages to avoid it, showing plainly that nature, not art, is at fault. He sings with much refinement and exquisite tenderness, and deposits himself with the finished elegance of a gentleman. We are glad to welcome Signor Taffanelli back to the lyric stage; he will not supply the blank left by the departure of the great artist Badiali, but he is one whom we must respect and esteem. Madame La Grange sang the rôle of "Elvira" magnificently. In this music she is unapproachable. She revels in the mightiness of her voice and in her unlimited power of execution, attacking difficulties with a daring that ensures success and commands delight and admiration. Well did she deserve the enthusiastic applause lavished upon her. Great must be the singing that could reconcile us to the inevitable and ever recurring "Ernani involami!" We have no other novelties connected with this establishment to record this week, excepting that Miss Adelaide Phillips enacted "Azuena" on Wednesday evening in "Il Trovatore" and that the advertisement to enterprising "Impresario," "Academy of Music to let," has re-appeared in the columns of the daily papers.

Next week will be devoted to the performance of some favorite operas, cast with the whole strength of the company.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.—The popular soirees of this glorious pianist will be resumed in two weeks, at Dodworth's academy. Last season he gave sixteen soirees with unvarying success. Each night the house was crowded to its utmost capacity with the fashion and beauty of the city. Repeated inquiries as to when Mr. Gottschalk would resume his soirees has determined the popular pianist to commence earlier by some weeks than he originally intended. Our readers and his admirers, and they are, we are sure, synonymous, will prepare for another season of intellectual enjoyment.

PARODI—STRAKOSCH—PAUL JULIEN—TIBERINI.—These eminent artists, with Signor Bernardi, gave two concerts during the past week, at Philadelphia, with the usual brilliant success which attends all the undertakings of Maurice Strakosch. All the Philadelphia papers speak in the most flattering terms of the noble tenor, Tiberini, thus confirming our expressed opinion. We select from many eulogistic articles the following, from the Philadelphia Inquirer, for the reason that its praise is the least enthusiastic. "So much has been said of so many artists, who, after all, had disappointed, that spite of the fame which had preceded Tiberini, no one was prepared for the consummate perfection of this enchanting artist. He was welcomed cordially and courteously, his unpretending manner predisposing in his favor, but after the three first bass of 'Spirito Gentil,' a sudden silence fell over the house, people held their breath, the very fans ceased to move. His voice may be described by comparison with all the excellencies of all the tenors we have heard, but to give an idea of the expression or style in which this *romanza* was given is impossible. It was liquid poetry that flowed from his lips. No one has ever understood 'Spirito Gentil' till now, nor has an audience ever felt it before. The excitement and applause was literally a phrensy; he was obliged to repeat the whole *romanza*. Tiberini's success is the most triumphant we have ever witnessed." The Strakosch Concert Company will give a series of concerts in New York during the present month.

PIANO FORTE CONSERVATOIRE.—It is with much pleasure that we announce to our readers that Gottschalk, in addition to his private instruction, will establish a class or classes for simultaneous instruction. Each class will consist of eight pupils, the course being of eight lessons, of two hours each. The first hour will be devoted to the performance of great orchestral works, arranged for eight pupils, by Gottschalk. The object of this exercise being to explain to the pupils, by precept and by practice, the sentiment of the rhythm and the true musical expression, and to form their taste by analyzing the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great masters. The second hour will be devoted to perfecting the execution of each pupil separately, for which will be used the most brilliant works and studies of the modern pianist. This mode of combined and separate instruction is recommended by the best authorities, and directed by a master like Gottschalk, will prove perfectly invaluable to all who avail themselves of this opportunity. Parents should remember that it is not the amount of time that makes the effects—it is the amount of knowledge that is conveyed, and every word of instruction from Gottschalk is a golden precept, whose worth is not to be measured by money. Young beginners, as well as advanced pupils, are eligible to these classes, and we commend the preceding words to the consideration of our readers. The course will commence on the 18th of September, the terms are just, and application should be made at once to Descombe's piano-forte store, Broadway. [See advertisement.]

VOCAL INSTRUCTION.—We call the attention of our readers to the card of Madame E. Loder in our advertising page. The high reputation of this lady as a vocalist and teacher in the modern Italian school, and English ballad, and sacred music, is too well established to need comment from us. We can only say, that as a teacher she has no superior in the country, and those who secure her services will thank us for the recommendation.

NEW MUSIC.—We are compelled to defer the notice of three new compositions by William Mason, which we have received; also of some of the splendid works published by Novello & Co. We shall attend to them in our next.

ITALIAN OPERA FOR MEXICO.—The artists engaged by Signor Manzini for Mile. Vestrali, arrived by the Barcelona, from Havre, on Monday, and will leave almost immediately for Vera Cruz. Mile. Vestrali is the directress of the National theatre, in the city of Mexico, and will commence an operatic season about the middle of October. The following is a list of her artists:

Prima Donna Soprano assoluta.—Countess Teresa Tacconi, Signorina Giuseppina Landi, Signorina Giovannina Casali-Campagna, Signora Costanza Manzini, Signora Enrichetta Zilioli.

Prima Donna Contralto assoluta.—Signora Felicità Vestrali.

Prima Donna Comprimaria.—Signora Annetta Garofali.

Primi Tenori assoluti.—Signor Luigi Stefani, Signor Eugenio Bianchi.

Primi Bassi assoluti.—Signor Eugenio Linari Bellini, Signor Solares.

Primi Baritoni assoluti.—Signor Alessandro Ottaviano, Signor Ettore Barili.

Tenore Comprimaria.—Signor Giovanni Zanini.

Second Tenore.—Signor Manuel Morano.

Director and Conductor of the Orchestra.—Signor Fattori.

Chorus Master.—Signor Valderas.

Stage Manager.—Signor Zanini.

Business Manager.—Signor Andrea Manzini.

Representative of the Impresario.—Signor Enrico Vestrali.

Mile. Vestrali has also imported several operas never yet sung in America, and a costly wardrobe. Her prima donna Teresa Tacconi, her tenor Stefani, and the baritone Ottaviano are artists of first rate European reputation, while the directress herself achieved great triumph in Mexico last year. Her present enterprise has involved the outlay of a large amount of capital, but the company is such as Mexico has never had, and the affair will doubtless result profitably.

MORE ARTISTS FROM EUROPE.—The Barcelona brought over quite a number of artists, from *prima donna*, who are countesses, down to democratic rope-dancers. Among others are Monsieur and Madame Calixto Defolly. M. Defolly is a violinist of some note, and his wife is a *chanteuse légère*. He also brings a company of gymnasts—M. Debach, of the Hippodrome, Paris; M. Feranti *et fils*, from the *Cirque de l'Impératrice*. They give gymnastic performances and represent *fabuleux états*. M. Debach makes a wonderful spiral ascension, which astonished all Paris. M. Defolly has several offers for his company, and we hope to see them very soon at one of our theatres.

THE DRAMA.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—In evidence of the native strength of the regular company of this establishment, we notice the continuance of crowded and brilliant audiences. The great attraction of Mr. Burton and his dramatic company is no longer to be found there, but the talent of Mr. Niblo's regular company attracts just as crowded audiences six nights a week as it used to do in three. The entertainments during the past week have been of a very varied and amusing character. Those pieces have been chosen in which the three great attractions—the Ravel Family, Madlle. Robert and her ballet troupe, and the young and wonderful Hengler—could display their remarkable abilities to the best advantage; and while saying that these performances were greeted by crowded audiences with hearty and admiring applause and shouts of laughter, it is needless to say that all the artists acquitted themselves in their usual perfect and admirable style. During the coming and successive weeks, the Ravel nights will be Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

On Tuesday evening next the German Opera Company will commence at the establishment, under the business direction of M. Berkel, with a strong company, under the able baton of Carl Bergmann. A large subscription has been taken up, we understand, and every exertion has been used to render a season of some months successful.

WALLACE'S THEATRE—SUMMER GARDEN.—The past week was the last of the summer season, and also the last of the "Fairy Star," Agnes Robertson, and the author-actor, Dion Bureislaunt, at this establishment. The houses have

continued excellent up to the last night, and they have played one of the most remarkable engagements upon record in the annals of the dramatic art. For some sixty nights in the very heat and steam of a remarkably heated term, with the presumed absence of every one from the city, they have attracted a succession of the most brilliant and crowded audiences, to whom they have afforded the most unqualified delight, while they have won from the press of the city unanimous and hearty commendation. The tact of the manager, Mr. Stuart, must not be forgotten in our catalogue of praise. He played his cards with consummate ability; he gave the theatre a name which attracted attention, although it was not substantiated by even a pretence at fulfillment, but, having gained the desired attention, it was diverted at once from the original consideration to the novelty of the performances and the excellence of the leading artists. Good for Mr. Stuart, and much praise and profit for him.

On the 14th, that Wallace has transferred the management of his popular and delightful theatre to this same successful Mr. Stuart, with all his company and the prestige of years of success and prosperity. Of the truth of this saying, we know nothing, but give it just as we caught it floating round. It would be curious if that sagacious manager, Mr. Burton, had sustained Mr. Stuart in his summer experiment, and that succeeding, had backed him still further, to the point achieved according to the on the 14th. It would be still more curious if by changing the character of the performance he should destroy all competition with his own establishment, while he created a terrible rival for the new theatre now erecting for Laura Keane. We are perhaps giving him credit, upon hearsay facts, for a greater amount of diplomacy than he has exercised, but the policy of such action, under the circumstances is self-evident.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The new adaptation of the popular drama of the "Marble Heart," made by John Brougham, especially for this theatre, has proved a decided success. He has succeeded in producing some most startling and effective situations which deeply excite the sympathies of the audiences. The piece is most excellently acted throughout, Miss Fanny Morant, Miss Kate Reynolds, Mr. Macdonough and John Brougham dividing the interest and approbation of the audience. This striking drama, with the attractive dancing of the Mademoiselles Henrard and the ever acceptable extravaganzas of Pochon-tas make a rich bill of entertainment for the patrons of the re-juvenated Bowery theatre. The house wears nightly its usual crowded and brilliant attendance.

BURTON'S NEW THEATRE.—Mr. Burton's new theatre, late Laura Keane's Varieties, was opened to the public on Monday evening last, September 8th, with a numerous company. The theatre has been materially altered, and in every respect for the better. The private boxes in the second tier have been abolished and the space thrown open, with the exception of three on each side near to the proscenium. The private boxes in the proscenium have been gorgeously clothed, and the general appearance of the house is elegant, comfortable and brilliant. We shall probably speak of the performances in our next. The attendance has been excellent.

BOOKLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.—The new and beautiful house of this popular and clever company of minstrels has been crowded to suffocation every night since its opening. Enough persons are turned away from the door each night to fill an ordinary-sized public room. The burlesque of "Il Trovatore" has proved eminently successful, and the other entertainments are both excellent and pleasing. The singing at this house is of a much higher character than the nature of the entertainment would lead us to expect. There are many accomplished singers among them, to whom we have listened with unqualified delight. We can commend the entertainment at the house to our readers, for even while abounding with fun, they offer points for admiration which even the hypocritical cannot fail to admit.

BROADWAY VARIETIES.—Our talented and versatile company of juvenile comedians, the Wood and Marsh children, after a provincial tour of the most triumphant success, both as to reputation and profit, return to their elegant little theatre in Broadway next Monday, September 15, when they will delight a crowded audience with their popular performances of "The Serious Family" and "The Toodles." We have no need to recommend our readers to visit them, for they are the pets of the New York public, and cannot accommodate the crowds who nightly seek for admission.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.

CHANFRAU intends to dispute some of Bourcicault's copyright pieces. Chanfrau maintains that, like tessellated pavements, Bourcicault's dramas are made up of many parts, picked up anywhere and assorted with care. It may be so, but we presume that the combination will secure the copyrights. The Marsh children, who are playing in Canada to crowded houses, will return to this city to re-open the Broadway Varieties on the 15th of September. Joseph Proctor is playing in the theatres in the State of Maine. He has made money of late in Bangor and Portland. James Anderson will arrive in New York in about two weeks. He is already secured for a long series of engagements. W. Reynolds is engaged at Wallace's next season. The first piece copyrighted under the new copyright law was "My Wife's Mirror," written by Mr. Wilkins, of this city. We are very much pained to learn that the beautiful and talented Madame Barilli Thorne, who was our first imported prima donna at the old opera house, died at Lima, in Peru. She was much admired and esteemed, and will be mourned by a large circle of friends in New York and Lima. She never recovered the shocks occasioned by the premature deaths of her husband and child. A French company are playing to meagre audiences at Keller's Empire Hall.

The brother of Vestral was in Boston last week, for the purpose of effecting arrangements for the appearance of his sister's troupe in Boston during the ensuing season. Mlle Vestral is said to have secured one of the largest and most talented troupes that has ever appeared in this country, composed of several leading artists from Europe, and intends to produce a number of the latest and most popular operas. C. R. Thorne, they say, is doing an excellent business at Chicago. A new theatre is forthwith to be built for him, \$40,000 having already been subscribed. A contemporary says: We are informed that Mrs. Kemble, who is now at her residence at Lenox, Massachusetts, intends to give a series of readings from Shakespeare. Mrs. Kemble is the last of a great family, who ruled the English stage for more than half a century, and who ruled it by the divine right of genius—for all of them, from Sarah Siddons down to Fanny Kemble, had genius. Mrs. Kemble gave these readings in this city some years ago, and those who had the pleasure to hear them will agree that there has never been anything to equal them since. Our younger readers, who never heard Mrs. Kemble, have a great treat in store for them. The reappearance of Mrs. Kemble recalls the most delightful dramatic souvenirs in the minds of the old theatre goers, and she will be warmly welcomed on all hands. Mr. J. W. Wallace, Jr., was badly wounded during the performance at the Buffalo theatre, on Monday night. He fell upon his claymore, and the sword being rough and hacked, it sawed through the muscle, leaving a ragged and nasty wound. Fortunately no large vessel was cut, though the wound bled for a time profusely. Charlotte Cushman, it is said, has abandoned her intention of visiting America this season. Laura Keane's theatre is progressing bravely. The masons are working from daylight to dark, the roof is all ready, and the gas fixtures are nearly completed. The scenic artists are hard at work upon the scenery and drop curtains, so that there seems scarcely a doubt but that Laura Keane's beautiful theatre will be ready by the middle of October. Most of the old company will be retained and many brilliant additions will appear; among the new engagements we hear of Mrs. Brough and Mr. Burnett, who has been at Wallace's with Stuart's company. Rumor says that Mr. Wheatleigh, (said to be an excellent light comedian,) of California, has been added to her company. It has been stated that Cordelia Howard and her parents were about going to England, under the auspices of P. T. Barnum. Mr. Barnum will accompany them, under an agreement with Cordelia's father, who engages to pay him a salary of \$4,000 per annum. "Little Eva" will undoubtedly meet with as great success in Europe as here. It is also rumored that Mr. Barnum will be joined in England by Tom Thumb. Julia Dean Hayne is drawing fair houses in San Francisco. Lola Montes is at the same place, she having returned from Australia. She lost her agent there, he being accidentally drowned on the 8th of July, when a short distance from Honolulu. The Golden Era says: "The admirers of the 'divine Lola' Montes will be pained to hear that the death of Follen, her 'agent,' has nearly unseated her reason. Ever since the sad event she has mourned and refused to be comforted. She says he was the first and only man she ever loved—which is quite complimentary to her two husbands—and will henceforth cast aside the follies of life, and gather jewels which rust not, and gold which never perishes. With this view she has disposed of the major part of her jewels, and made extensive purchases of spiritual works. One of the best evidences that her anguish is real is that she no longer uses narcotics and stimulants. She has lost her taste for cigars and cobbles. May she recover, and live to break a thousand hearts." The Paris correspondent of the Herald says that Mario and Gris are positively coming to New York next year, with Arditi; and that Jenny Lind also intends again to visit the United States. McKean Buchanan had sailed for Australia. He had played in California 250 nights. The sisters Goughenheim had also sailed for Australia, with the proceeds of a monster farwell benefit, which came off at the American theatre, San Francisco. Mr. Edwin Booth, who is on his way to New York must be considered as a flaming star, an acting incendiary, if we may judge by an article in the Sacramento Union, which says: "Edwin Booth played in Placerville immediately before the fire. As he was ascending the hill on the way to Georgetown the fire broke out. In Georgetown he played one night, and a few hours after he left the town was burned down. He next played at Nevada and in the afternoon of the day upon which he left for Downville, Nevada was swept away by the flames. It would be well to have New York generally insured before the arrival of this blazing comet—this flaming star!" The Boston Gazette states that Alexander Hamilton, Esq., has written two new plays for Mr. Eddy, one founded on the life of Oliver Cromwell, and the other on that of Gilbert Abbott's Baskett.

THE HISTORY OF A HEART.

Go—spread the whole wide universe
Before your spirit, as a chart;
You'll find no sadder study than
The history of one human heart;
Behold it thrilling with delight—
Then bound with misery's heavy chain:
We have in sooth one common heart,
Whose common heritage is—pain.
In youth it strewed the earth with flowers,
And sees but cloudless skies above;
But soon there rises from its depths
The presence of the new-born Love!
A dim, delightful vision o'er
The mirror of the soul is thrown:
We own the magic of a glance—
We feel the music of a tone,
We stand in Beauty's smile, nor see
The dark clouds groaning overhead;
The bolt descends—the light returns—
But the sweet hopes of youth are fled:
And all is desolate within,
And all is cold and dull without;
A shadow rests upon the mind—
One feeling—universal doubt—
And virtue seems an idle sound,
Religion but a worldly strife,
And love a frenzy of the brain—
The Beautiful has gone from life!
Another hour—another change—
Love takes ambition's sterner name,
And from the chime of the heart
Uprings the bright emotion—Fame!
It warms—the laurel crown,
Like a vile weed, is flung aside;
The hope of glory is fulfilled,
Grown chill and hardened into Pride!
Next comes the lesson of contempt—
To walk alone amid the crowd;
Fate stands between us and our will—
It yields, and pride itself is bow'd.
Yet in that lone and dreary hour
A solace to the heart is giv'n;
For Hope has vanished from the earth;
But sought its native home in Heaven.
Its voice is heard within the soul;
It calms the tempest of despair;
The shadow passes from the brain,
And lo! the love of God is there!
Oh, it is sad our human heart
Must know the gloomiest moral night,
Till, purified from earthly stain,
It struggles into perfect light!
Then spread the whole wide universe
Before your spirit as a chart,
The strangest mystery of all
Is that dark scroll—the human heart.

BUDGET OF GOOD THINGS.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—In a village "down South," there lives a quiet, unobtrusive young lawyer. A modest fellow is M., (merit is always modest,) but he knows his rights, "and knowing, dares maintain them." Like a great many others, he is "following the practice," and anticipates "a glorious time" when he overtakes it. A while since, having been retained in some small cases, he made his appearance before that august dignitary—an Alabama Justice of the Peace. "His Honor" evidently lost faith in M.—at first sight; for one after another his cases "collapsed" under the "stunning" charges delivered by the Court. The law and the testimony were alike unavailing. M.'s cases were bound to go. At last human nature could bear no more. M., rising from his seat, delivered himself in his usual calm and measured manner: "The Court can find me five dollars." "For what, Mr. M.?" said the justice, somewhat surprised. "For contempt of Court," coolly rejoined M.; "I am not aware, Mr. M.," said the Court, "of your having been guilty of anything that might be considered contempt." "I know your Honor is not aware of it," said M., "but I entertain a secret contempt for this Court."

REGULARLY SOLD.—During the month of January, 1855, two gentlemen from New York, one of whom had been in California nearly a year, and the other just arrived, were accidentally overheard in the following conversation at the Sutter House, Sacramento. The new comer was lamenting his condition, and his folly in leaving an abundance at home, and especially two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood—when he asked the other if he had a family.

"Yes, sir, I have. I have a wife and six children in New York—and I never saw one of them!"

After this reply the couple sat a few moments in silence, and then the interrogator again commenced.

"Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir, I so stated it."

Another and longer pause ensued. Then the interrogator again inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

"Oh, ah," and a general laugh followed.

After that the first New Yorker was especially distinguished as "the man who had six children and never saw one of them."

VALOR AND DISCRETION.—The late Mr. Mason was something of a giant in physical as well as mental proportions, and in youth must have possessed a powerful frame. While in the strength of early manhood, Mr. Mason happened one very cold day to be driving along a road in the country, half buried under buffalo robes, and looking rather insignificant to the casual observer—at least so he appeared to an impudent teamster, who approached in an opposite direction, occupying so large a portion of the road with his team that passing was a difficult matter for another vehicle. As they neared each other, Mason politely requested the teamster to turn out and give him room; but the saucy varlet, with an impudent look at the apparently small youth, peremptorily refused, and told him to turn out himself. Mr. Mason, who instantly perceived there was but one course to pursue, quietly stopped his horse, laid the reins over the dasher, and began rolling down his robes, at the same time drawing up his legs, and rising gradually from his seat. The teamster silently watched these movements; but as the legs obtained a foundation, and foot after foot of Mr. Mason's mammoth proportions came into view, a look of astonishment, like a circle in the water, spread over his hitherto calm face, and with a deprecating gesture he presently exclaimed, "That'll do, stranger! don't rise a y more—I'll turn out!" Mr. Mason soon had the track to himself, and his bewildered teamster drove off at a brisk pace. "Creation!" said he, as he touched up the off leader with his whip, "I wonder how high that critter would have gone if I hadn't stopped him!"

KEEPING THE PEACE.

Tis said the hungry Russian Bear once wanted
A good fat Turkey for his Christmas dinner;
The Turkey showed him fight; but nothing daunted,
He thought he would at length come off the winner.

He made a rush to seize his prey, when lo!
The Lion and the Eagle (honest fellows)
Compelled the bear his Turkey to forego,
Though now they've given him a peace, they tell us.

The Lion and the Eagle for this dish,
Each has a peace. 'Tis true, why should they not?
They won it by their valor, and I wish
That each would try to "keep the peace" he's got.

A STREET SWEEPER.—Not long since a gentleman was crossing one of our streets, where a little girl was sweeping off the mud. Her little hand was opened as he passed, and he placed, as he supposed, in haste, a penny therein. She immediately followed him, calling "Gentleman, gentleman, see what you have given me." The gentleman stopped, and she handed him an eagle, saying she did not think he meant to give her more than a penny. He asked why she did not keep it. She replied, "That would not have been right." He looked at her in astonishment, and inquired of whom she learned that. "In the Sunday School," was the reply. He then inquired her name, age and residence. Her mother, she said, was very poor, and lived in an obscure place. While he was talking with her, some fifteen or twenty persons were gathered around them, and a contribution was proposed, which resulted in the sum of about fifteen dollars. The gentleman called to see the little girl and her mother, and finding the statement he received verified, placed the mother in a tenement of his own, free of rent, and has taken the little girl to educate.

FEMALE BEAUTY.—Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be successfully paid, and very productive.

Fontenelle thus faintly compliments the sex when he compares women and clocks—the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them.

The standards of beauty in woman vary with those of taste. Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent chast; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carnades, a solitary kingdom; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world.

WHAT men call love is personal; we cannot tell what it would be if divorced of the body. Men, however, pleasing the idea of meeting friends in

a better world, we are not sure but that those whom we think friends will be less friends than others. Moreover, all relationships cease at death. The wife is no longer a wife after death parts her. The body, which is the thing we love personally, dies for ever; what we meet in after life is an interior nature, seldom so well revealed here as to be known and loved for what it really is. Love enlarges, and we cease to belong to a small petty family, held together, as here, by small petty monetary concerns and localities. We suspect that few persons have hearts large enough to appreciate the meaning of a great love that embraces myriads of finer spirits than we have ever been related to or conversant with in this life; and yet such love must exist where money is not the life's blood and circulating medium of society.

EXTRACTING A JOKE FROM A SORROWFUL PROVERB.—A wicked wag of a lawyer, in one of our county courts, recently seasoned the bench by putting the following query to his professional brethren: "Why is Judge — like necessity?" The "members of the bar" then and there present quickly answered: "Because he knows no law."

I have thought,
Listening to many a modern line and lay
Of minstrel-y excellent, that their strings
Strove for too great an utterance, and so missed
The ready road that quiet music finds
Right to the heart—like an o'er-trained bow
Shoots past the butt. Lame Nature doth not thus;
And minstrel are her children, and should stand
Close at their mother's knee, to learn of her.
She strains not for her rainbow or her stars,
But with deft fingers works her wonders in
With an unruffled quiet, a soul-felt
And unregarded strength; so that her storms,
Her calm, night, day, moon-rings and sunsets,
Wood song, and river songs, and waves and winds,
Come without noise of coming.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC BY A LADY.—A letter from Chamounix of the first, in the cavy Gazette says: "The great event of the day is an ascent of Mont Blanc, commenced yesterday morning at eight o'clock, by a Mr. Forman, an Englishman, and his daughter. They arrived safely at the Grands Mulets, at three in the afternoon, and, by the light of lanterns, left this morning at two, to ascend the giant of the Alps. At ten o'clock the small party arrived on the crest of the highest mountain in Europe, and after a halt of an hour, left on their return, and reached this place at seven in the evening. This ascent will be talked of as one of the wonders of the valley, both on account of the short time employed, (fifteen hours to ascend and seven to descend,) and of the intrepidity shown by Miss Forman, of whom the guides speak in raptures. This young lady is the fourth female who has performed the feat. The progress of the tourists was eagerly watched during the whole day, and every window that commanded a view of the path was bristling with telescopes, like muskets from a loophole. The arrival at Chamounix was a perfect triumph. All the inhabitants and resident foreigners went out to meet them, and the whole rejoiced the place, headed by the band of the guides in full costumes, and amidst a salute of cannon."

ANECDOTE OF HOGARTH.—A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived some of the most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his male a pencil the work he had entitled, a Tail Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.

"My next undertaking," says Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things."

"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter."

"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which denoted the end of all things, a broken bottle, an old broom, a rattle, the butt end of an old fire-stick, a cracked bell, a howl anstrung, a crown tumbling in pieces, towers in ruins, the sign-post of a tavern called World's End tumbling, the moon in her wane, the map of the globe burning, a gibbet falling, the body gone and chains which held it falling down, Phœbus and his horse dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked, time with his hour glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, a play-book open with "exeat omnes" stamped in the corner, an empty purse, and a status of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth, "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken; "that!" exclaimed Hogarth, the deed is done, all is over."

It is a remarkable and well-known fact that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died in about a year after he had finished this extraordinary tail piece.

LEDYARD ENCAMPMENT, NEW LONDON, CONN.

On Monday, the 1st of September, there was a grand regimental parade of the several companies comprising the Third regiment Connecticut State Militia. The occasion was one of unusual interest, and brought hundreds of persons to the city, who took great pleasure in witnessing the parade and drill, the display of tent and camp equipage, and other "associations" peculiar to "the pomp and circumstance of war." In honor of the gallant Ledyard, who so bravely defended Fort Griswold in the revolutionary struggle, the camp was called after his name. The officers of the regiment were as follows:

FIELD OFFICERS.—Thos. G. Kingsley, Franklin, Colonel; Wm. O. Irish, New London; Lieutenant-Colonel; A. R. Hale, Norwich, Major; W. H. Congdon, Norwich, Adjutant.

The following companies were present:

ARTILLERY CO. A, NORWICH.—Asahel Tanner, Captain; Clark Harrington, 1st Lieutenant; James Hammond, 2d Lieutenant; Calvin G. Willis, 3d Lieutenant.

INFANTRY CO. A, NEW LONDON.—Chris. Culver, Captain; E. C. Chapman, 1st Lieutenant; R. S. Smith, 2d Lieutenant; H. R. Stark, 3d Lieutenant.

INFANTRY CO. B, NORWICH.—Chas. E. Black, Captain; G. G. Gates, 1st Lieutenant; Chas. Hastings, 2d Lieutenant; C. F. Demmon, 3d Lieutenant.

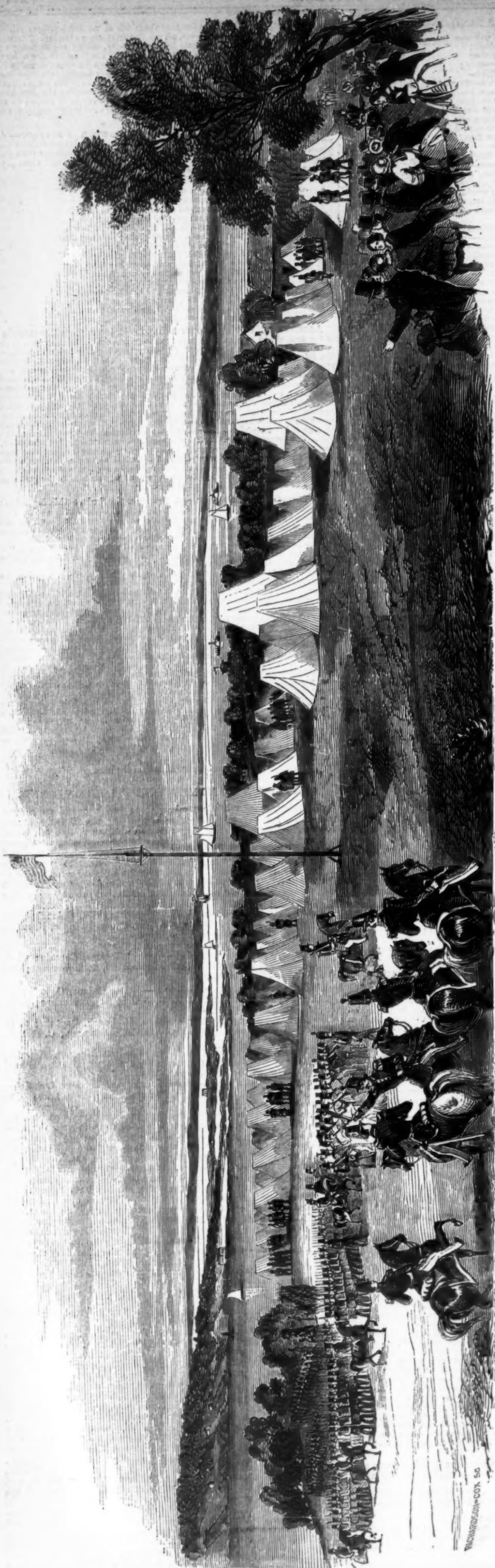
INFANTRY CO. D, JEWETT CITY.—Nelson Kenyon, Captain; Chas. C. Spencer, 1st Lieutenant; Albert Hiscox, 2d Lieutenant; Geo. W. Burdick, 3d Lieutenant.

RIFLE CO. A, NORWICH.—John L. Stanton, Captain; I. S. Johnson, 1st Lieutenant; A. Perkins, 2d Lieutenant; Wm. Lathrop, 3d Lieutenant.

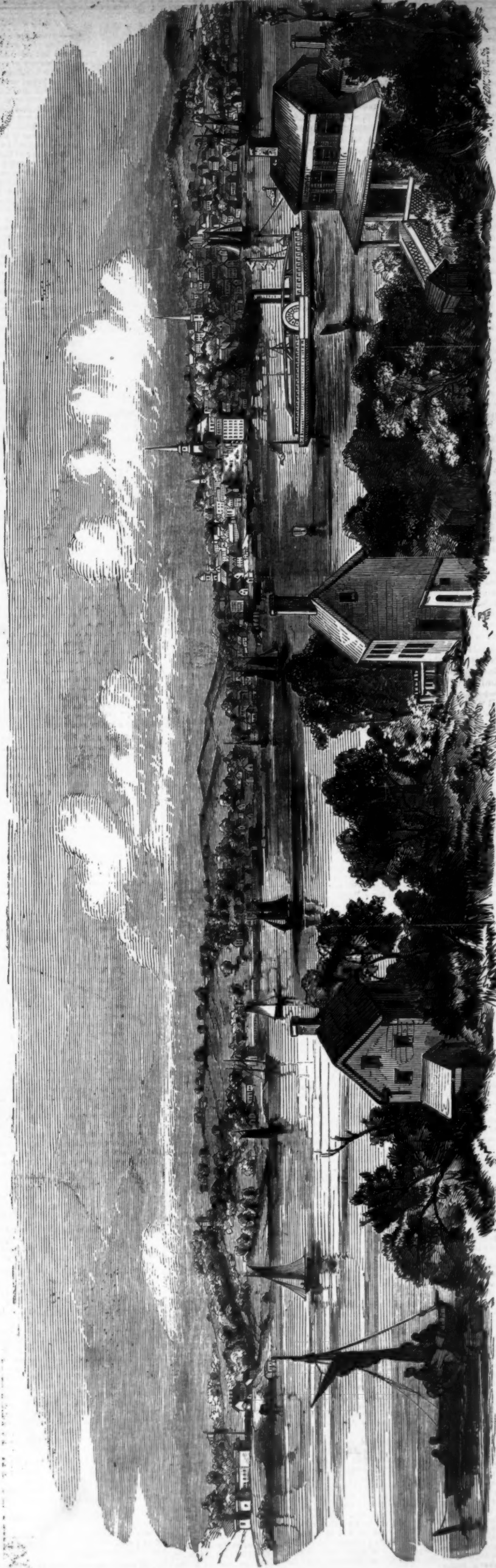
The regulations of the encampment were in accordance with strict military discipline, and everything was done to sustain the character of soldiers actually in the field and in the presence of the enemy. The Guard mounted at 6 A. M., at which time the men detailed for guard duty assembled on their company's parades, and after inspection by their first sergeants, were marched to the regimental parade. The attendance of spectators was very large—persons coming not only from every part of the Connecticut, but hundreds from the adjoining States paid the encampment a visit. Nothing occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion. Everything passed off in quiet, and the military gained new laurels for discipline and bravery, worthily representing the old "Connecticut line," so distinguished in the history of New London for its patriotism and daring in the days that tried men's souls—the darkest days of the Revolutionary struggle.

CITY OF NEW LONDON, CONN.

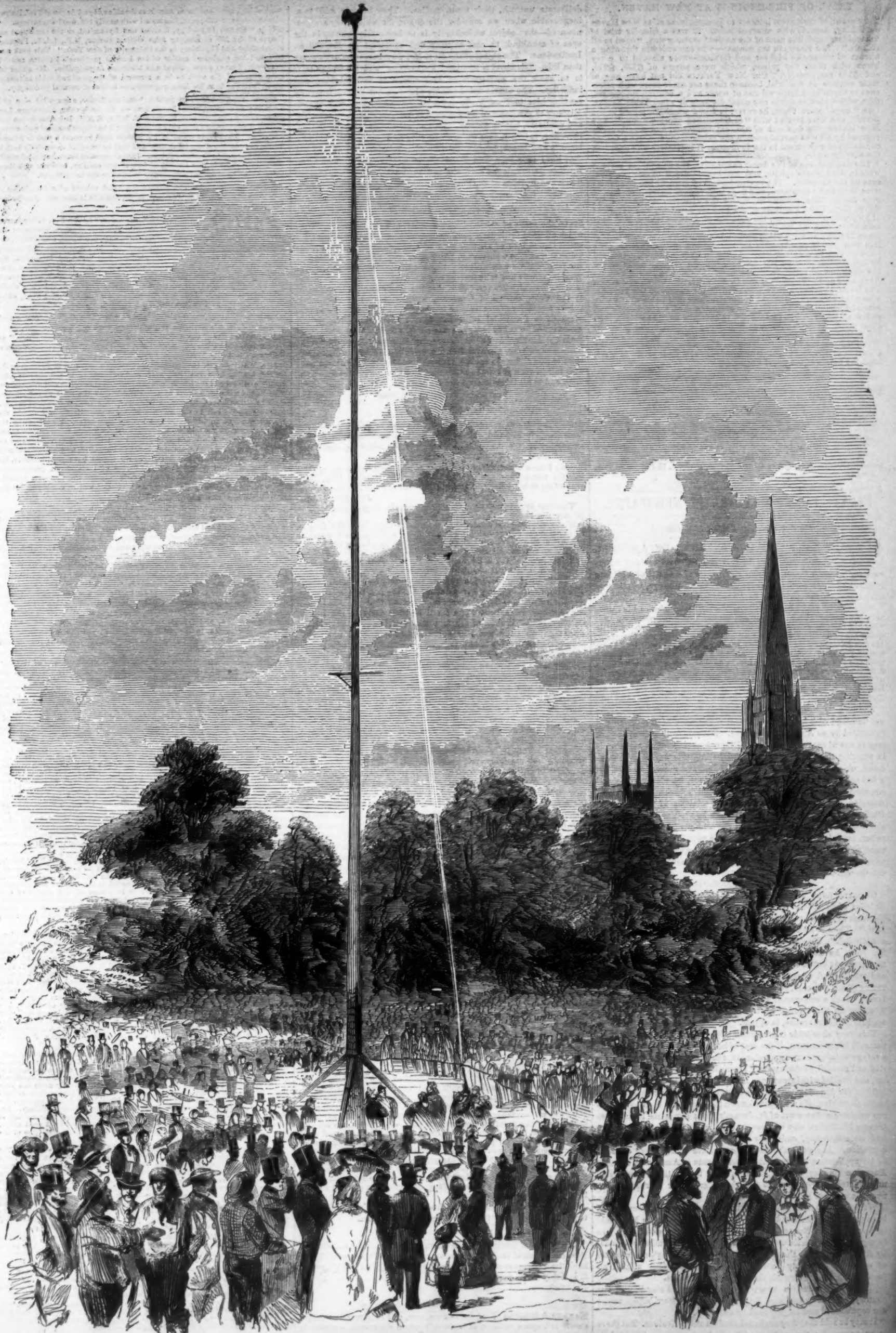
This beautiful city, one of the loveliest in New England, was settled in 1644 by John Winthrop, son of Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts. It is situated on the river Thames, three miles from the ocean, and fifty miles east of New Haven. The site being encumbered by granite rocks, it was not originally laid out with regard to regularity, though within a few years much has been done to overcome, by grading, many of the inequalities of the ground. The elevated rear of the city affords an extensive and varied prospect. The harbor is one of the best in the United States, being three miles long, five fathoms deep, and seldom obstructed with ice. It is beautifully surrounded by hills; and defended by forts Trumbull and Griswold, the former of which is garrisoned. The chief source of trade is the whale fishery, which constantly employs one thousand five hundred men and a large amount of capital. The coast and other fisheries are also important. So enterprising are the people of New London, and so thrifty withal, that its ten thousand people are, on the whole, richer than the same number in any other city of the Union, and probably therefore in the world. The streets of New London are lighted with gas, and have extensive railroad communication with the interior of the State. Among the public buildings may be mentioned the custom-house, a fine granite edifice, the Court House, and the numerous churches, of which the Baptists have three, the Congregationalists two, the Methodists two, the Episcopalians one, the Romanists one, the Universalists one, in all ten. The educational resources of New London are very great, and the schools are in a flourishing condition. The community supports five papers, two of which are published daily.



LEPIARD ENGRAVER, N.Y. NO. 100,000, COLUMBIA A.C.



CITY OF NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.



FIREMEN'S CELEBRATION, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TRIAL OF FIRE-ENGINES AT NEW HAVEN.

THIS event, of such great interest to firemen, came off at New Haven on Friday, Sept. 6, with unusual eclat. It was a friendly trial of "machines," and, like most of the ancient tournaments, "open to all comers." The victors in the contest—who succeeded in throwing a stream of water the highest and farthest—were allowed to carry home with them the prizes, which were purses of \$500, \$200, and \$100 respectively. Our New Yorkers did not have any of their engines at the trial, because these are made more with reference to throwing a large volume of water and a continuous stream, than with a view to attain any great distance or remarkable height. Our "boys" were there, however, in large numbers, joined in the parade, and were treated with "distinguished consideration." The New Haven fire was one of unusual brilliancy, and was heartily enjoyed by all who participated in the celebration, and was a source of unalloyed enjoyment to the thousands of spectators who gazed on the stirring scene.

The day was one of the finest description, the companies present were in the highest spirits, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion. The engine-houses of most of the companies were beautifully decorated, and flags with various inscriptions floated over them. The procession, under the direction of Charles W. Allen, Esq., Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, was formed at 11½ o'clock, on the green, the number of firemen taking part in it amounting to 2,082, while the musicians in the several bands numbered 274, half an hour being occupied in passing a given point. Not less than 25,000 people were on and around the green during the prize playing in the afternoon. A pole, 183 feet in height, graduated by feet marked upon it, was erected, and the playing made under the direction of Chief Engineer C. W. Allen, Esq., with Charles Atwater, Jr., H. B. Ensign, and C. A. Nettleton, Esqs., as Judges. The latter gentlemen were stationed in the cupola of the Tontine, where the pole and the height of the streams could be brought under careful inspection. The playing commenced at three o'clock and ended at six, resulting as follows, twenty-five companies playing: First prize, Rippowam, No. 1, Stamford; Second prize, Dampier, No. 4, Hartford; Third prize, Phoenix, No. 12, Brooklyn, New York. When the playing was concluded, the companies assembled, and the Foremen of the successful companies received their prizes in gold, from the hands of the Chief Engineer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written descriptions, they will be thankfully received, and if forwarded to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their observations, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trimmer & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN'S SLANDER OF AMERICA.

IN a novel, recently published in this city—a novel entitled "Perversion," written by an English clergyman of more than ordinary talents and culture—there occurs the following passage, winding up the career of a convicted and base scoundrel:

"He transported himself to New York. He professes his intention of devoting himself to political life in his adopted country; and, with his talents, energy and unscrupulousness, there can be little doubt that he will soon become a distinguished member of Congress. He has joined the ultra-Democratic party, and gives out that he was a victim of aristocratic persecution in the old country. It is highly probable that he will some day return to this side of the Atlantic in a diplomatic capacity, like citizen Soulé, and other European exiles of kindred character. Nor is it impossible that we may one day see him representing the United States of America at the Court of St. James."

Our first emotion, on reading this gross libel, was one of surprise, not unminged with indignation, that it should have been retained and re-uttered by an American publisher. But this feeling directly gave way to one of contempt for the malicious ignorance of its author. It is amazing that, in this era of good feeling, this day of enlightenment, when, not only a kind understanding and mutual esteem, but a fair and impartial knowledge of one another, founded on easy and constant intercourse, has been established between England and America—it is amazing that an educated minister of the Gospel of Christ should be found to sanction, much less to propagate so foul a slander. Had we encountered it in the columns of a political newspaper, we should have passed it by as the poor indulgence of malignant spite or small envy; but we cannot suppose that such low passions influence the minds or sway the sentiments of the clergy of the Church of England.

"No tantis animis celestibus iras?"

Of course not. The "Rev. Mr. Conybeare, author of 'Life and Epistles of St. Paul,' (why not use the definite article?) must be sky-high above the sway of 'malice, and envy, and all uncharitableness.'" Though he uses "great plainness of speech," his "mind is not blinded." Having learned of St. Paul, and taught concerning St. Paul, he has "put away lying." "No corrupt communication proceeds out of his mouth." He has "put away all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, with all malice;" he is "kind, tender-hearted, forgiving," and "walketh in love." Such a one cannot bear "false witness." He must, therefore, believe the slander he utters; and the epithet "malicious," applied to his ignorance, is unjust.

This very charitable construction might be put upon the reverend parson's bitter sarcasm, if the rest of his book did not show him to be a very superior person—a man of sense, education, accomplishment, varied and recondite information. He must, therefore, have known better, and libelled with intention. He must have known that it is not the habit of the American government to return British convicts in diplomatic capacities. He must have known that there has been no American minister at the court of St. James's, from Benjamin Franklin to George M. Dallas, who was not, in conduct and character, learning and statesmanship, eminently fitted for so high and responsible a position. The parson's sarcasm may have a feeble ray of truth in its application to some late appointments of Americans in other European courts; but he knew that he insinuated a downright, unmitigated falsehood as to the character of our representatives near the court of England.

We are free to acknowledge that we do not think our country has been particularly honored abroad by such diplomatists as Mr. Soulé in Spain or Mr. Belmont at the Hague. These gentlemen are foreigners and America ought to be represented, as well as governed, by Americans. But there is nothing in their character or conduct of which we have any occasion to be ashamed—they offered no justification for the English clergyman's false satire.

We confess ourselves weary of these reiterated slanders of our country, uttered by educated Englishmen—by authors, whose works are republished and largely read by our people.

It may be said that they are both harmless and ridiculous. But there is no excuse for the animus with which they are written—their

deliberate untruth, their mean malice. They become still more inexcusable when we consider the object for which they are pronounced—that object undoubtedly is to lower this country in the eyes of mankind, to cast obloquy and contempt on Republican Institutions. The object of the Rev. Mr. Conybeare was even worse than this. His novel is entitled "Perversion," and his design in it is to show the consequences and effects of free-thinking and infidelity. The unprincipled villain, whose career he terminates by sending him to New York, and who, he prophesies, will be our Minister to the Court of St. James's, is not only a perjurer, gambler and adulterer, but an Atheist. The object of this infamous libel is, therefore, to imply, that we are not only lacking in all respect for honesty and honor, but for the Christian religion. Of all the lies that have ever been lied about America, this last lie, lied by an English parson, is the most vile and profligate. Let the author of "Life and Epistles of St. Paul" put that in his pipe and smoke it.

UNHAPPY KANSAS.

STILL the scene of "battle, and murder, and sudden death," from which all good Christians pray to be delivered, Kansas claims the truest sympathies of all true-hearted men, whatever may be their political creed, to whatsoever party they may belong. It seems to our impartial view exceedingly disgraceful that the government at Washington do not take instant and cogent measures to put a stop to these fearful outrages. Now that the Army bill has been passed at the extra session of Congress, without proviso or restriction, hereby a sufficient force can be concentrated on the border to suppress these fratricidal contests. Sooner than have them go on, would it not be better to make some signal effort? Would not "the great pacificator," as he has deservedly been called—would not the illustrious veteran, General Scott, cheerfully give his eminent services to this righteous cause? If he were to resort to Kansas, armed with full powers, it cannot be doubted that there would be an immediate end to all these lamentable disasters.

"LAST NOTICE."

AMONG the various interesting memoranda that were thrust under our front door, closed and double-locked, during a recent month's absence among the hills of Columbia county, was the following significant billet-doux.

SIR: I have a warrant, to me directed and duly delivered, against you for non-appearance at Company Parade, October 10th, 1856. By calling at my office and settling you will save further expense.

July 30th, 1856.

Your not appearing at the Court of Appeals, to give your excuse, (if any you had), you are fined by default.

If the above is not attended to within five days from the date of this notice the officer having charge of its collection will consider himself at liberty, at any moment thereafter, to pursue the course the law directs to collect the same.

No property of the delinquent now exempt from execution, shall be so exempt from the payment of this fine. Passed, April 17, 1854.

To this pressing invitation we have as yet sent no manner of reply. The Major may deem us discourteous; but the fact is, the foregoing was the very first intimation we ever received that the pleasure of our company was expected at a small military party on the 10th of October, 1856. In view of the fact that nearly a year has elapsed since then, we know not how exceedingly impolite we must have been considered. We hold it to be an imperative duty of a gentleman to reply soon to all missives; and our better-late-than-never apology must be, that we never received any, prior to this one from our soldierly correspondent.

To those who are acquainted personally with the editor of this paper, we need not say how extremely well fitted, both by age and vigor, we are to a graceful performance of what is usually called "military duty." Forty-seven years and a serious lameness from early childhood qualify us decidedly for keeping step to the music of a militia training. And if any man deserves to be fined for not appearing where he never dreamed he was expected, and where he could not possibly have gone without being, as they say down South, "toted," that culprit is the writer of this paragraph.

We derive some consolation, however, from the highly impartial manner in which these warnings to train are communicated, and these fines for not training are imposed. The exemptions are extremely few. We doubt, indeed, if, in the opinion of the warners and finers, there are any exemptions. The high and the humble are alike subject to their potent conjurations. They do not even take the trouble to go to the Directory for the names of incipient and expected trainers, but take them from door-plates—that is, whenever the victims are well enough off to have door-plates, or not too fashionable to do without.

Not ever so long ago, a warning, couched in the usual phraseology, and after the usual elegant form, was left at a certain door in Twelfth street, directed, with republican simplicity, copying the door-plate, to "W. Scott." But to this urgent demand for his personal appearance on parade, armed and equipped as the law directs, with a short-tailed coat, red-striped trousers, and a condemned musket, "W. Scott" paid no manner of attention. His recusancy and obstinacy, after the customary reiterated appeals, met with the usual condign punishment—he was fined three dollars and eighty-five cents, and peremptorily ordered "to call at the captain's office and settle!" But he discourteously persisted in his silence, and, if we are rightly informed, that fine remains uncollected to this day, nor has the officer "having charge of its collection," "considered himself at liberty" to pursue any course whatsoever in the premises. The individual warned and fined was Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States.

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

READER'S new novel will be published by Ticknor & Fields tomorrow. The London Athenæum has a long review of this new romance, which concludes by saying:

"Few, we apprehend, will be inclined to dispute our assertion that this is the most vigorous and various novel which has till now appeared this year. Events, pictures, and emotions succeed each other with as much power as rapidity. In this tale Mr. Reade shows himself as powerful and forcible as Dumas in 'Monte Christo,' and as triumphant in carrying us along with him. It deserves, and we think it will have, readers by the thousand, because it is not merely a work of talent and artifice, but because something of earnest conviction and something of genius has gone to its production."—Boston Transcript.

This new romance will be published in the NEW YORK JOURNAL, to which we beg leave to direct the reader's attention.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.—Let every one be sure to read Charles Reade's beautiful story in the present number. Those, who did not read the commencement, can do so by obtaining last week's paper. It is richly worth perusal.

LITERARY.

HARPER & BROTHERS, whose energy, tact, and enterprise seem constantly to increase rather than diminish, to whom the country is constantly indebted for new and valuable additions to its literature—publish this week a

work of high merit and importance from the able and prolific pen of Prof. Draper. It is an octavo of 640 pages, illustrated with nearly 300 wood engravings. Its title is "Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical, or the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man, by John William Draper, M.D., L.L.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York." This work may be called the condensed matter of the learned professor's lectures, and it is the result of many years patient and laborious investigation. He states the great object of the work to be a removal of the great and noble science on which it treats, from the domain speculative to that of natural philosophy.

HARPER AND BROTHERS also publish "Modern Greece, a narrative of a residence in that country, with observations on its Antiquities, Literature, Language, Politics, and Religion, by Henry M. Baird, M.A." It is a handsome duodecimo, illustrated by about sixty engravings; it has three hundred and seventy-five pages. The author states in his preface that he spent a year in Athens, for the prosecution of special studies, and that he travelled extensively both in Peloponnesus and in Northern Greece. During repeated tours, he visited nearly every site famous in the ancient history of the country, together with those places which have figured prominently in more recent transactions.

HARPER AND BROTHERS also publish the third volume of a translation of "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters," by Alphonse de la Martine. Duodecimo, 323 pages.

WILEY & HALSTED have published "Perversion," by the Rev. J. Conybeare, author of "Life and Epistles of St. Paul." This is a romance, tending to display, by an effective story and real-life characters, the effects of infidelity, and that immoral conduct of life, which is its unavoidable consequence. It is written with uncommon sprightliness and ability. The beginning is capital, the middle not so good, and the end an excellent sermon. The author has great powers of satire. These sometimes carry him beyond the truth and generate caricatures. Though there are grave objections to the book, it is, as a whole, able and interesting. It is brought out in the usual tasteful style, which distinguishes the publications of Wiley & Halsted.

DIX & EDWARDS publish "Political Essays," by Parker Godwin, from contributions to Putnam's Magazine, in a neat duodecimo of 845 pages.

Also: "The Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times," an oration delivered on Tuesday, August 5th, 1856, before the Literary Societies of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., by George William Curtis.

Also, "A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States, from the Declaration of Independence to the Present Day, mainly compiled and condensed from the journals of Congress and other official records, and showing the vote by yeas and nays on the most important divisions in either house, by Horace Greeley." The subject discussed in these publications, the last two of which are pamphlets, scarcely fall within the critical scope of an illustrated and literary newspaper. We entertain the highest respect for the talents and acquirements of Messrs. Godwin, Greeley and Curtis. They are gentlemen of eminence and respectability. However we may be led to differ from them in opinion and sentiment, we cannot but admire their fearlessness and evident sincerity. We cannot but regret, however, the departure of Mr. Curtis from the profession of literature—a profession to which he had already added new and lasting trophies—for the more doubtful career of a politician. Mr. Godwin has succeeded well in combining the discordant elements of literature and politics.

THE NEW "SPIRIT."—We invested with much satisfaction the sum of sixpence in the first number of "Bill Porter's" new paper. We expected "something rich" and found it. Herbert's new story of Indian Life is admirable as far as it goes, and promises to be very interesting. Various other articles are racy, (we don't mean horse-racy,) and entertaining. There is no lack of "Spirit" in any of them.

For more than a quarter of a century connected with the press, Mr. Porter, (he is as well preserved as the best brown stout) has the rare merit of being universally liked. The name of his friends is "logion." They are grappled to him with hooks (not fishing-hooks) of steel. He has now appealed to this wide and tried friendship for support, and it will not be found wanting.

It is no easy task to edit a "Sporting" paper, so as not to rebel against the rules of good taste and delicate feeling. But this task Porter has and will achieve. He happens to be a gentleman. Reader, you had better believe it; but if you have any doubts as to his courtesy or ability, look at his new and sparkling *Spirit of the Times*.

WAVERLY NOVELS.—In 1814 Scott published Waverley—the first of those admirable and original prose compositions which have nearly obliterated the recollection of his poetry. Except the first opening of the Edinburgh Review, no work that has appeared in my time made such an instant and universal impression. It is curious to remember it. The unexpected newness of the thing, the profusion of original characters, the Scotch language, Scotch scenery, Scotch men and women, the simplicity of the writing, and the graphic force of the descriptions, all struck us with an electric shock of delight. I wish I could again feel the sensations produced by the first year of these two Edinburgh works. If the concealment of the authorship of the novels was intended to make mystery heighten their effect, it completely succeeded. The speculations and conjectures, and nods and winks, and predictions and assertions were endless, and occupied every company, and almost every two men who met and spoke in the street. It was proved by a thou and indications, each refuting the other, and all equally true in fact, that they were written by old Henry Mackenzie, and by George Cranstoun, and William Erskine, and Jeffrey, and above all by Thomas Scott, Walter's brother, a regimental paymaster, then in Canada. But "the great unknown," as the true author was then called, always took good care, with all his concealment, to supply evidence amply sufficient for the protection of his property and his fame; inasmuch that the suppression of his name was laughed at as a good joke, not merely by his select friends in his presence, but by himself. The change of line, at his age, was a striking proof of intellectual power and richness. But the truth is, that these novels were rather the outpourings of old thoughts than new inventions.—*Memorial of his Time, by Lord Cockburn.*

On the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, the first illustration of a splendid illustrated work will be published in Moscow, entitled "L'Empire de Russie, ou, Histoire des Russes, Crimée, Caucase, Géorgie, Arménie, et Pologne," and dedicated to the Emperor and Empress. This work, of which only 200 copies are to be struck off, will consist of four volumes, large folio, divided into forty numbers, of 100 pages letter-press each, printed in gold, silver, and colors, on the finest satin paper, and will be illustrated by 200 copper-plate engravings, of which sixty-seven will be portraits, and 133 will represent events taken from Russian history.

D. APPLETON & Co. have lately published a volume of gossiping recollections of men and things, by Lord Cockburn, called "Memorial of his Time," a work most favorably received by press and public. This house has also issued the "Progressive Spanish Reader; with an Analytical Study of the Spanish Language," by Augustin José Morales, A. M. and H. M. Prof. in the N. Y. Free Academy, and a High School Geography and Atlas, by S. S. Cornell. The most important distinctive feature in the Geography is claimed to be "that it is arranged on the true inductive system, commencing with elementary principles, and proceeding by natural and gradual advances from deduction to deduction, and from step to step, until the whole ground is covered." The Atlas contains two sets of Maps, one for study, giving clearly and distinctly the names of the most important places; the other for reference, being fuller. All the maps are handsomely engraved and carefully colored. A Pronouncing Vocabulary and Statistical Tables are appended.—*American Publishers' Circular.*

A biographical discovery of some importance has been made, we understand, by Mr. Thomas Wright, among the manuscripts of the Library of the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. It was supposed that no manuscript now extant of the celebrated collection of stories known as the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles," compiled at the Court of the Dukes of Burgundy, immediately after the year 1461, for the Duke Philippe-le-Bon; and in this belief the modern critical editions have all been founded on the old black-letter printed editions, the earliest of which dates from the latter end of the fifteenth century. Mr. Wright found at Glasgow, last October, a fine manuscript, in a writing of the period when the book was composed, with illuminations by a good artist, and apparently the same manuscript described in the ancient catalogue of the Library of the Dukes of Burgundy.

A very interesting work is now being published in Dresden, entitled "The History of Germany, in pictures, taken from original drawings by German artists, with explanatory text by Dr. Bülow." It will be brought out in numbers, and completed in three volumes, containing in all from fifty to sixty numbers, and from two hundred to two hundred and fifty woodcuts, from drawings made expressly for this history. Each number contains four engravings and eight pages of letterpress. The first volume begins with the earliest records of the German people, and will come down to the end of the Hohenstaufens; the second includes the period from Rudolph of Hapsburg to the peace of Westphalia; and the third proceeds with the history, which will be brought down to our own times.

PROFESSOR AYTON'S "Bothwell" is a ballad-poem in six parts, presenting the leading features of Mary's early life as Queen of Scotland. The poem, which is autobiographical, is reported by the English critics, to be powerful, though rather diffuse. It will be republished by TICKNOR & FIELDS, of Boston.

In marked contrast with the rapidity with which important works are now too often written, may be noticed Sir William Napier's declaration, (vol. V., p. 28, Redfield's edition,) that his history of the Peninsula War, "written honestly from good materials, cost sixteen years of unremitting labor."

"FRANK FORRESTER," whose great work on Horses and Horsemanship is nearly written, will have ready for sale in a few days, a "Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen," treating of fowling, fishing, and sports in general. It will contain sixty engravings from Mr. Herbert's own drawings.

Mrs. TROLLOPE's new novel—Paris and London—is announced as nearly ready.

LAST OF HIS RACE.—Continued in No. 7.

CHAPTER LXIII.

O cruel fate! O hardness to dissemble!—OLD PLAY.

DOUBTLESS our readers have not forgotten the proposal which Philip Miller, the captain of the gang of gold-seekers made to our hero and his friend to join them, and which, after due consideration, they decided to accept; for Dick had a strong presentiment that the man he sought was of the party, or, if not, that it would afford the most likely chance of meeting with him; for the Miller and his men, as the band was generally called, were the vilest set of ruffians ever let loose upon society. More than one assassination, for the sake of plunder, was attributed to them.

The songs, merry jests, and lively humor of the dancer made him a favorite with all but Ben Snider, the gentleman with the stubby beard. No advances could be made to him; he studiously kept aloof from his new comrades—a circumstance which naturally drew their attention more particularly towards him; and many days had not elapsed before they felt morally assured that he and Bill Spuggins were the same; but without proof, and surrounded as they were by his companions, most of them as desperate as himself, prudence whispered that it was necessary to be cautious.

The presence of the commissioner, Mr. Hardy, and the mounted police which that gentleman organized, served to keep Miller and his band somewhat in check; and a better tone of feeling began to prevail also amongst the diggers, many of whom were loud in denunciation of the murder of the young Scotchman—a circumstance which the party our hero and his friend had joined seldom alluded to, unless in such terms as the uninitiated could not comprehend, for they had a language peculiar to themselves.

Sunday at the diggings was a fearful day, the only one on which the gold-seekers rested from their toil. Better they had continued it than profaned the day of rest to man by vice and debauchery, gambling, drunkenness, and every species of wickedness.

At those assemblies which generally took place in the Great Nugget, or in similar establishments, Miller and Ben Snider were constant attendants; and on one occasion the former bullied the two friends, and called them milk-sops for declining to accompany them.

"Let them alone," observed the gentleman with the stubby beard; "doubtless they have their reasons."

"Of course we have," answered Sam with extreme coolness, and at the same time staring him fixedly in the face.

"And what are they?"

"That's our secret."

"Oh, you have a secret then," exclaimed Ben.

"Of course we have," replied our hero; "haven't you? Tell us yours, and if we find it worth hearing, perhaps we may exchange ours with you."

At this proposal there was a laugh amongst the younger men, who unanimously declared that the offer was a fair one; that no one had a right to pry into a gentleman's private affairs, and that if Ben was not satisfied with the answer he had got, it was his own fault, seeing that he was always trying to get them all against their new comrades.

"He has done worse than that," added a young man named Connor.

"Speak out," shouted several voices.

"Hold your fool's tongue," said Miller, walking in amongst them, and casting menacing glances on the speaker. "How in the fiend's name is peace to be kept amongst us if every idle word is to be repeated? Ben is a staunch comrade, a proved man."

Sam knew that the only chance of safety in the society in which they were thrown was a show of daring equally reckless as the speaker's, of whose dominating spirit many of the men already began to murmur.

"Look ye, captain," he said, "my pal and I did not leave the old country without having learnt a thing or two, and amongst others to keep our own counsel, for a still tongue makes a wise head. If you are tired of us, say the word, and we are off; we don't want to force our company on any men. If Ben has anything to say against us, let him speak out, and not go sneaking about like a cowardly cur to set every one against us. It's my belief he only wants to find out our reasons for cutting from England—quitting it, I mean—to sell us to the police."

All this was uttered so naturally that the opinion of Miller was shaken. The "cutting from England," and the hasty correction of the word, as if it had been uttered by mistake, was an admirable stroke of policy.

"You are a fool, Ben," he whispered to his companion; "these are not the men you fear; your fears have made you a coward."

"Well, perhaps I am, and perhaps I ain't," muttered the ruffian between his teeth. "At any rate, I don't want to quarrel with them."

"Give us your hands," said the leader of the gang, at the same time holding his own towards the two friends. "Why, they are as soft as woman's! Ben in the dimmy line!"

To this direct question the dancer replied with a knowing wink.

"Ah! I thought so," continued the speaker, with a chuckle; "it ain't easy to deceive me. Stop with us, lads, as long as you like; but as for Ben wanting to sell you—bah! it's on the other shoulder: he suspects that you want to sell him."

"We don't want to know anything about him more than we do at present," exclaimed both the young men.

These and similar scenes were several times repeated, but met on each occasion with such manly defiance that all but the gentleman in the stubby beard not only felt convinced that the new comers were true and loyal men, but sided with them, till their enemy found himself in a decided minority that he deemed it prudent to keep his hostility to himself. A circumstance at last, however, occurred which set even his suspicions at rest.

Dick and his friend had passed their Sunday as usual at the diggings, obstinately refusing to repair to the scene of gambling and debauchery in the tents, when a pedlar passed them. The man had knives, spoons, washing-bowls, and the usual assortment in his pack, which he offered to open for their inspection.

"I should have thought," observed our hero, "that you would have found a much readier market for your wares at the Great Nugget."

"Ay," replied the itinerant merchant, "and been fleeced out of my hard earnings by that shark of an American landlord. Besides, the miners have no money for anything now but the players."

Sam started.

"Players?" repeated his friend.

"Yes," said the man; "they come from Sydney."

"Did you see them?"

"Not I," replied the pedlar, who was a Scotchman, "but the miners are all mad about them. I heard they had a giant amongst them, and a dancing girl, who gains more gold by her feet than a dozen honest women can earn with their hands: but as for seeing her, it's clean out of my way."

Dick hastily concluded the purchase of some trifling article with the speaker and continued his walk with Sam, who was evidently greatly annoyed at the imprudence of his partner in venturing to such a scene.

"You must quit me," said our hero. "Pet must not be left unprotected in this place; you have a duty stronger than friendship to perform."

"I fear we must both abandon the task we have undertaken," replied the dancer. "Miller and his companion will doubtless visit the booth. If Ben is the man we suspect he is, he cannot fail to recognize Gog, to question him, and the honest fellow is too simple not to speak the truth; he will say that we are at the diggings, and all will be known."

For some time this was debated whether they had not better start at once. Reflection, however, convinced them that it would be wiser to wait till morning, when their companions would return weary and exhausted with the night's dissipation.

It was well that they were thus prepared, as the conduct of Miller and Ben on the following day might have led them to betray their secret.

No sooner did the two ruffians reach the spot where the two friends were busy washing the sand and mud from the bottom of a small creek, whose waters they had turned, than they walked close up to them. Sam saw that, contrary to their usual custom, they were perfectly sober.

"So," said the captain of the party, "we have found you out at last."

"And what have you found?" replied Dick; "a mare's nest?"

"Did Ben point it out to you?" added his companion.

"We have seen Gog," exclaimed the gentleman with the stubby beard.

"Grog, you mean."

"Do you mean to deny your acquaintance with the giant?"

"Certainly not," answered Sam; "nor with Magog either. 'Know them both; visited them frequently in Guiddah. Why didn't you bring the gentlemen over with you? should have been delighted to have renewed my acquaintance with them.'"

The hearty laugh which accompanied these words—the utter absence of confusion, when their accusers expected to overwhelm them with surprise, caused even Ben to dismiss his doubts; and the ruffian now felt as anxious to cultivate their good will as he had previously been inveterate against them.

"Give us your fists," he said. "You are of the right sort after all!"

"And what are we to give you for your fists?" demanded Dick.

"Well, I s'pose I may as well tell you all. I fancied that we had met before."

"Where?"

"Well, Manchester, perhaps!"

On hearing the identity of the speaker with Bill Spuggins confirmed, neither of the young men ventured to regard each other, lest a look should betray their satisfaction.

"Manchester," repeated Sam, with a delicious gravity of feature; "if ever you return to England, don't try it. They have got one of the Forresters here."

The name was taken at hazard, but the speaker knew it was one that his hearers would be familiar with.

"If I do return to England," replied the convict, "I shan't want to try it again."

"Made enough at the diggings, eh?"

"Maybe," said the ruffian, "maybe."

Seeing the turn affairs had taken, our two adventurers permitted two or three days to elapse before they announced their intention of paying a visit to the station—as the shanty of the American landlord and the tent of the commissioner were called. So far from their resolution appearing to excite surprise, wonder was expressed how they had so long abstained from the amusements of the place. Connor proposed to accompany them, and, little as they wished for society, they were compelled in prudence to comply.

With all his apparent frankness, Sam suspected that he was a spy upon them.

"The fact is," said the young man, as soon as they had reached the entrance of the wood, about a mile from their location. "I want to unburden my mind

to you. I am tired of this wretched life, and still more of the men we are leagued with."

"They appear a jolly set of fellows enough," observed the dancer carelessly.

"And stick to each other like true men," added Dick.

"You do not know them," observed their companion, with a shudder.

"Only wait till Miller has inveigled you into the participation of some crime which places you in his power; then see how he will treat you—worse than any slave. His present object is to obtain as much gold as will enable himself and his companion Ben to pay their passage to England, where I have heard them boast they could live at their ease."

"Lucky fellows," exclaimed the dancer; "I wonder how much they'd take for their secret."

"More than you could pay them," said Connor, "since they are ready," he added, lowering his tone and looking round him, "to take life to secure it. You look upon me with suspicion," he added. "Oh, that I could convince you of my sincerity, that I dared trust you."

"As for your trusting us," answered our hero, "there is little doubt but you may do so with perfect safety; the question is—"

"The speaker hesitated, he had advanced farther than he intended.

"Whether you may trust me," added the young man, finishing the sentence for him; "at all events I will set you the example of confidence. Have you any idea why I offered to accompany you?"

"Perhaps you were ordered to do so."

"Exactly so. And my instructions?"

"To keep an eye upon us."

"To dog you like your shadow everywhere, follow you wherever you went; but above all to notice if you approached the commissioner's tent."

"That was by Miller's directions," said Sam.

"Right," replied the former, "and above all, I was to ascertain whether you held any communication with the players, or—"

"That was Ben's advice," interrupted our hero. "Really, you are a singular person to be intrusted with such an office. Are you generally as communicative with those whom you are selected to spy upon?"

"It is the first time I have ever undertaken such a degrading task; but I dared not refuse it. I know not whether I have been deceived in you, but something assured me that you have not been drawn to the diggings by the thirst of gain merely. Act generously—frankly by me," added the young man; "and if I have failed to win your confidence, at least give me a fair warning, seeing that I have been prompted only by a feeling of kindness towards you."

"We will deal frankly by you," said Sam, after a few moments' reflection.

"In the first place, the confidence you have reposed in us, whatever the motive, is perfectly safe. In the second, we have not the slightest intention of visiting the hut of the commissioner. Our licenses are not yet out, and we have nothing to settle with him. As for the players, we have made up our minds to see them, and you may use your own discretion whether you report the circumstance or not."

"I shall not," replied Connor, firmly.

"To us it is a matter of indifference."

"Be it so; still I adhere to my resolution. I know the men you have to deal with better than you do, and the reasons why they have hitherto spared you. By some means you have contrived to lull their suspicions to rest; it will not be for long."

There was a sincerity in the tone of the speaker, and the language he employed appeared so evidently above his station, that the friends began to inquire how he came to settle in Australia.

"The poor fellow colored to the temples. The question was evidently a very painful one, and he hesitated an instant before replying to it.

"I came to this country a convict," he said.

"And have served your time?"

"No."

"Pardoned?"

"No."

"Escaped?"

"Escaped?" repeated Connor; "and let the deep humiliation of my confession, to say nothing of its danger—for it has placed my liberty in your power—induce you to believe in my sincerity?"

"I do believe in it," replied our hero, struck by the look and bearing of his companion, at whose presence, somehow or other, he did not feel that horror which honesty generally experiences when brought into contact with crime; and if you will point out any way in which I can serve you, rely upon—"

"You can! you can!" exclaimed the young man, eagerly. "Find me the means of escaping from this wretched slavery. I feel assured that it is in your power, for, from the first day you joined us, I noted your energy and unconquerable will. The wretches who surrounded us deemed it pride; only read in it the evidence of a superior mind, which, for some purpose of its own, descended to play at hide-and-seek with fortune. I have watched you narrowly, and the observation has confirmed the impression."

"It is strange that, with such sentiments as you express, such an education as you have received," observed the dancer, "you should have fallen. I do not wish to aggravate your feelings," he added; "they must be bitter enough already."

"True," repeated Connor, mournfully, "and yet they are not caused by guilt. You smile, but when you have heard my story, perhaps you may be inclined to judge less harshly than at present."

"I was born in India," he continued, "where my father had been appointed chaplain at one of the presidencies. At an early age he sent me to England for my education. At sixteen I was placed in the counting-house of his agent. For a year all went smoothly; at the end of which time I received letters informing me that my parent expected shortly to visit England. In the overflowing of my joy, I showed them to my employer and guardian, who, to my surprise, appeared amazed at the intelligence."

"Shortly after this occurred the counting-house was robbed; the officers of justice were sent for. Judge of my confusion, my agony, my shame, when a portion of the notes, several letters, and memoranda were discovered in my desk. It was in vain that I protested my innocence, my ignorance how they came there; no one believed me. I was tried, and condemned to transportation, doomed to associate with the vilest of the vile; my name blighted—dishonored; the heart of my father to be wrung by the tale of his son's disgrace."

"How I lived I know not. An opportunity occurred a few months since of escaping. I took to the bush; joined Miller and his gang. Spare me the rest of the recital; you can guess all that I have witnessed and endured with them."

"And have you no clue," demanded his hearers, "to the motives of the wretch who so cruelly contrived to cast the guilt upon you?"

"A faint one," replied the young man. "The night before I quitted my prison an old clerk, who had been exceedingly kind to me, visited me. From him I learnt that considerable sums had been remitted by my father for my maintenance at college, where I had never been even entered. Heaven forgive me if my thoughts wrong him, but from that hour I suspect my guardian to have been my destroyer."

"His name was Sanderson," exclaimed Dick, "and he banked with Barnard and Company."

"He did!"

"And yours?"

"Is Edward Wharton," answered the poor fellow. "If heaven grants me life I may one day clear it from disgrace. But how came you to know so much of my sad history?"

"That is my secret for the present," was the reply of our hero; "but I, for one, believe in your innocence and honor."

An hour after the above conversation the three young men arrived at the station.

CHAPTER LXIV.

'Tis strange, but true: for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction. If it could be told,
How much would novel gain by the exchange!
How differently the world would men behold!—BYRON.

ALTHOUGH the tone of earnestness and deep feeling with which poor Connor related his unhappy story carried conviction with it, still the friends considered it best to be upon their guard, for the adventure they had engaged in was a dangerous one; and were their purpose once discovered, the fee-simple of their lives would scarcely have been worth a day's purchase.

If the poets of antiquity could have seen our golden age, with what disgust and terror they would have turned from it. Possibly Lucan might have described it: the fiery verse of the "Phararilla" alone could have done justice to it.

A society composed of the scum of every clime; the passionate, force-revengeful Spaniard, his blade swifter even than his word; the cold-blooded outcast of America, half bully and half Chevalier d'Industrie, a cross between the shark and tiger, the tainted apostle of a go-a-head system, the incarnation of low cunning, who looks upon the world as an oyster, upon whose shell he first tries soft sawder and then the knife, little matter which, provided he succeeds in opening it—or, in other words, in making money; the Chinese, with his patient industry and schemes for plunder; the stolid German; the cautious Scot; the reckless Irishman; and the escaped or liberated English felon, whose coarse brutality is unredeemed by a single virtue of the Saxon race.

Humanity at the diggings resembled a picture painted by Rembrandt—a stray light and the blackest shadows.

Sam was perfectly aware of this; and it was not without a sad misgiving that he learnt the arrival of his sister and the Webbs at such a place. His only consolation was that Gog was with her. The faithful fellow, he well knew, would sacrifice his life a hundred times—supposing such devotion was possible—rather than harm should approach his favorite Pet.

Leaving his two companions at the shanty, where Hackabut Stark still carried on a thriving trade, he sauntered towards a group of tents, in the centre of which Eugenio had pitched his booth. It was easily distinguished from the rest by the showy red draperies; the platform, with steps on either side, erected in front; and, above all, by a flaming figure representing Euphrasia in the character of Lady Macbeth, with her arm thrown round the neck of a bust of Shakespeare.

As the steps were drawn up, Sam knew that no performance was going on; he made his way, therefore, as quietly as possible to a little side door, and gently knocked. No notice was taken of it; he summoned; and yet he felt assured, from the slender stream of smoke which issued from the chimney of the van the back, that either Webb or his wife were in the place.

The summons was repeated, still without any reply; and the anxious brother began to feel seriously alarmed. Presently he betought him of a peculiar whistle which he used to give when a boy at the fair, to inform Eugenio that the booth was full and he might leave off haranguing the mob. Something

between a scream and an exclamation was heard on the inside, one of the shutters of the van was slowly withdrawn, and the face of the showman appeared at the aperture. So completely was Sam disguised that at first he failed to recognize him.

"Haven't you done mischief enough?" he said.

"Why, Webb?"

"The gal's right arter all!" exclaimed Eugenio, in a tone of great relief; "yours is the welcomest voice I have heard for many a day."

He disappeared from the window, carefully closing the little shutter after him, and in a few moments the side door—which, it appeared, had been barricaded—was opened to admit his partner.

"What has occurred?" demanded Sam.

"Come in," hastily answered Webb; "this ain't no place for talking."

"Pet! my sister!"

The poor fellow's feelings so completely overcame him that he could utter no more, but stood with pale features and quivering lips, his eyes fixed imploringly on the showman.

"All right. What are you starin' at so—can't you believe me? You know I never tell no lies to you. Pet's right enough; but poor Gog has got an ugly hurt."

Although his hearer was strongly attached to the poor gait, he quite forgot his danger on the assurance of his sister's safety, and going into the booth assisted the speaker to barricade the door again; that done, he looked around him, and saw that the interior presented a scene of devastation, the benches had been torn up and broken, the draperies of the interior torn down, broken bottles and fragments of tables lay scattered about the place.

"Where is my sister?" repeated Sam with increased earnestness.

"I tell you she is safe," replied the showman, "with Mrs. W. Gog and the baby. Ain't I a know'd her ever since she was a infant? and do you think I'd seen any harm come to her? Not if they'd cut me to pieces. It was all along of standin' up for her that this ramification took place."

Had Mrs. Webb been present, doubtless she would have suggested reparation as a better word; not but in the wreck before him there was sufficient cause to ruminate.

"Oh, Webb! Webb!" exclaimed his partner. "What evil star brought you here?"

"I wish the same star could take us out of it," replied the man; "the mischief, she would come—she felt her whole soul, she said 'impatient for adventure.' But this time, I hope, she has had enough on it."

When Sam entered the van, a large new one, which Webb had had constructed at Sydney expressly for the expedition, he found the maneress seated despondingly in one corner of the vehicle upon a small square box; he guessed what it contained.

"Chuck full," whispered the showman, "if we could only get back again."

Gog was lying at full length upon the floor, his huge head propped by pillows, which were stained with blood. From the disorder of his dress, it was evident that he had been engaged in a desperate struggle. Pet was kneeling by him, bathing his forehead with vinegar. The giant occasionally opened his heavy eyes, fixed them on her pale features, and, smiling faintly when he saw that she was safe, then closed them again.

At the sound of her brother's voice the poor girl started to her feet, and throwing her arms round his neck burst into tears.

"Dying!" she murmured; "dying—and for me!"

The tale was soon told. A party of ruffians from the diggings had been present at the performance the preceding evening; at its conclusion several of them had treated Gog and Webb to drink, and not content with their society they had insisted that Pet should join them. She refused; one of them attempted to force her. A riot had ensued, in which the fittings of the booth had been torn up.

But for the courage and vast strength of the giant, who had received a fearful injury on the head, it is impossible to say where the outrage might have ended.

"Where, indeed?" exclaimed Mrs. Webb, for the first time breaking silence.

"Horror thrills my frame when I reflect on the danger to which our innocence has been exposed. Why were we cursed," she added, in a tone of great self complacency, "with the fatal gift of beauty?"

One of her hearers, at least, could not avoid mentally wishing that she had been blessed with a little of that rare article called common sense; but the present was not the moment for reproaching her. It was the lady's obtuseness which had decided her husband on venturing to the diggings without his partner—a step to which, with all his thirst for gain, he was opposed. It was her pressing entreaties, also, which prevailed on Pet once more to appear in the booth.

"You will not leave?" said the latter, clinging with childish confidence to her brother.

"I have no one to love or protect me now but you. You are silent; you are angry with me. Oh, forgive me—pray, forgive me!"

"Forgive you?" repeated Sam, brushing aside a tear; "poor, bruised flower, I have nothing to forgive: it was my fault for deserting you. And yet I could have wished, Pet," he added, seriously, "that you had not appeared upon the stage again. There was a—"

"I know what you would say," interrupted his sister, kissing him; "it was foolish—nay, wicked—when I knew that you would disapprove it. But I felt so lonely, so wretched, without you; and then the thought of being a constant burden upon you. Besides, there was an excitement in the very thought. I fancied that it would cheat memory—annihilate the past; that I should smile again, as in our days of childhood, when we were all so innocent and happy. But I am punished," she added, wringing her hands. "Poor Gog! Oh, yes, I am bitterly punished. See how he suffers!"

The dancer advanced close to the side of the giant, and took his hand. The faithful fellow opened his eyes and faintly smiled. He knew him.

"Safe," he murmured; "she is quite safe. I have kept my word, Sam. You must protect her now. I am dying!"

Sam could only return the friendly pressure; his heart was too full to speak.

"No, no!" exclaimed Pet, throwing herself upon her knees by the side of the sufferer; you won't die and leave me in this wretched place; you won't leave your memory a continual reproach to me for my waywardness and folly. Live for my sake—for the sake of all who love you!"

"Don't cry for me," replied Gog. "No one cared for me but you; it wasn't my world. Even the little children shrank from me with terror. Webb has all my savings. Mind," he added, turning his eyes towards the showman, "they are for Pet—for all for Pet."

"Well, I'm blessed," said the husband of Euphrasia, "if he doesn't talk like a printed book. It's all right; she shall have 'em; and cuss him that 'ad rob her of a nugget."

"Have you not tried to procure assistance—medical assistance I mean?" demanded Sam.

"He wouldn't hear on it, and I dared not leave the women alone."

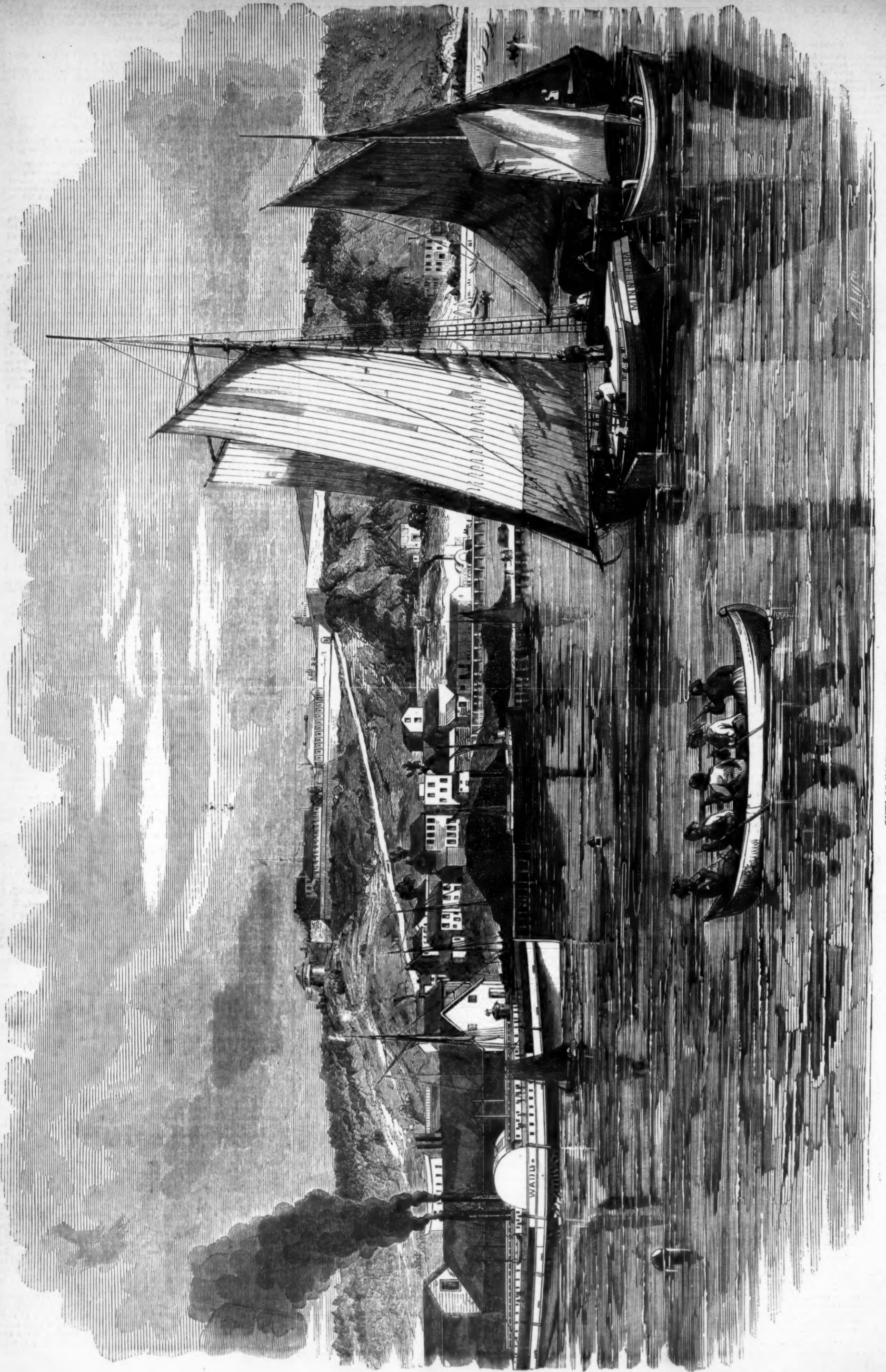
"I will seek it," continued the former.

"Do," exclaimed the showman, in a fit of enthusiasm, "and I'll pay the expense; but don't go to the American doctor; he charged an ounce of gold for pulling a fellow's tooth out, and arter all it wor the wrong one. They fought the next day to settle the matter. But make haste back," he added, in a whisper, "for they threatened another attack to-night."

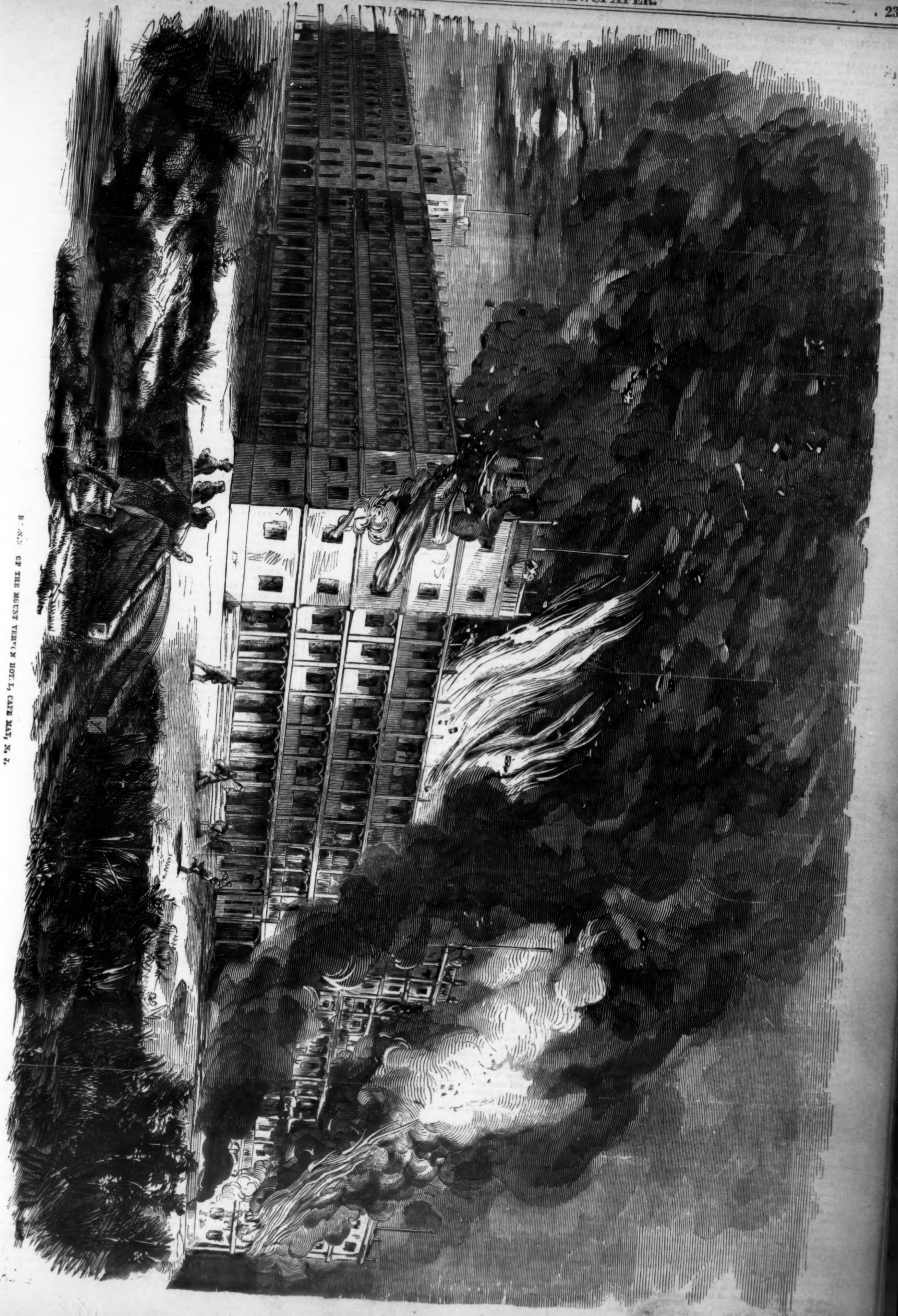
"Let them come," replied his partner, "we shall be prepared for them."

So saying, he quitted the van, and was accompanied by Webb to the side door.

"Fear it's all over with Gog," observed the latter, as he began to remove the pieces of timber with which he had barricaded the door. "He has been with me a many years, and I feels for him as for a brother. I wonder if his natony would be a draw."



TOWN OF MACKINAC, ON LAKE HURON, STATE OF MICHIGAN.



BURNING OF THE MOUNT VERNON HOTEL, CAPE MAY, N. J.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MOUNT VERNON HOTEL AT CAPE MAY.—FIVE PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH.

We are sorry to have to record the total destruction of this mammoth hotel by fire on Friday night, September 5, together with the sad occurrence accompanying it. The origin of the fire is as yet unknown. Mr. Cain, the lessee of the house, was residing in the building, and had retired previous to the alarm being given. His son, Philip Cain, Jr., saved his life by leaping from the second story window, but was very badly burned. With this one single exception the whole of Mr. Cain's family perished in the flames.

The following is a list of those lost: Philip Cain, Sr., the lessee, aged sixty-five; Andrew Cain, his son, aged about twenty; two daughters, Martha and Sarah Cain, aged, respectively, the former seventeen years and the latter but thirteen; and a Mrs. Albertson, aged thirty-five years. The latter was a widow, and had gone to the Hotel in the capacity of housekeeper. Mr. Cain resided at Vincentown, N. J., and went to Cape Island the present season for the purpose of opening the Hotel in conjunction with Col. Frank T. Foster. He leaves a wife and several children at Vincentown. The Mount Vernon was built at a cost of \$125,000, upon which there is not one cent of insurance. The building was first occupied in 1853; but Messrs. Cain and Foster did not become the lessees until the past season. The hotel was celebrated for its immense size, and for the superior accommodation the building afforded to guests. The interior was well finished, and the apartments were larger and more comfortable than usual at watering-place hotels. Although the hotel, in its late condition, was capable of accommodating 2,100 visitors, it was not finished at the time of its destruction. It was designed to have the building occupy three sides of a hollow square, or court-yard, and the front range and one wing were up. One wing had never been commenced. The building was constructed entirely of wood; it was four stories in height in the main, with four towers, each five stories in height. Three of these towers occupied the corners of the building, and one stood midway of the only wing. In addition to these towers, there was another immense one, six stories in height in the centre of the front. The entire structure, both outside and upon the court-yard, was surrounded with wooden piazzas, that extended from the ground to the roof, with floors at each story. The wing was a quarter of a mile in length, and the front covered nearly an equal extent of ground. The dining room, which was 425 feet long and sixty feet in width, was capable of accommodating 8,000 persons. There were 432 rooms in the building. It was claimed that the Mount Vernon was the largest hotel in the world. In addition to the main building there was stabling for fifty horses, carriage houses, ten-pin alleys, etc. There was a tank in the centre tower of the wing of the Mount Vernon capable of holding twenty thousand gallons of water. The water was forced into it by means of a steam-engine. Melancholy as the disaster is, it is a most fortunate circumstance that the fire did not occur during the bathing season. There were no guests in the house at the time, and Colonel Foster, the surviving proprietor, was in this city.

CHARLES READE'S STORIES.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "FRO WOFFINGTON," "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE," "ART," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

They eyed one another in silence; at last Hickman looked down upon the ground and said, in faltering, ill-assured tones, "H—how d' ye do, Rachael? I—I didn't expect to see you here."

"Nor I you."

"If you are busy, don't let me stop you, you know," said Hickman, awkwardly and confused, and, like one with no great resources, compelled to utter something.

Then Rachael, white as a sheet, took up her basket again, and moved away in silence. The young farmer eyed her apprehensively, and, being clearly under the influence of some misgiving as to her intentions, said, "If you blow me it will do me harm and you no good, you know, Rachael. Can't we be friends?"

"Friends!—you and I?"

"Don't be in such a hurry—let us talk it over. I am a little better off than I used to be in those days."

"What is that to me?"

"Plenty; if you won't be spiteful, and set others against me in this part"—by "others" doubtless Hickman intended Mrs. Mayfield.

"I shall neither speak nor think of you," was the cold answer.

Had Richard Hickman been capable of fathoming Rachael Wright, or even of reading her present marble look and tone aright, he would have seen that he had little to apprehend from her beyond contempt, a thing he would not in the least have minded; but he was cunning, and, like the cunning, shallowish; so he pursued his purpose, feeling his way with her to the best of his ability.

"I have had a smart bit of money left me lately, Rachael."

"What is that to me?"

"What is it? why, a good deal, because I could assist you now, may be."

"And what right have you to assist me now?"

"Confound it, Rachael, how proud you are!—why, you are not the same girl. O, I see! as for assisting you, I know you would rather work than be in debt to any one; but then there is another besides you, you know."

"What other?" said Rachael, losing her impassibility, and trembling all over at this simple word.

"What other? why, confound it, who ever saw a girl fence like this. I suppose you think I am not man enough to do what's right: I am, though, now I have got the means."

"To do what?"

"Why, to do my duty by him—to provide for him."

"For whom?" cried Rachael, wildly, "WHEN HE IS DEAD?"

"Dead?"

"Dead?"

"Don't say so, Rachael; don't say so."

"He is dead!"

"Dead! I never thought I should have cared much; but that word do seem to knock against my heart. I'd give a hundred pounds to any one who would tell me it is not true—poor thing! I've been to blame; I've been to blame." "You were not near us when he came into the world; you were not near us when he went out of it. He lived in poverty with me; he died in poverty, for all I could do, and it is against my will if I did not die with him. Our life or our death gave you no cares. While he lived, you received a letter every six months from me, claiming my rights as your wife."

Hickman nodded assent.

"Last year you had no letter."

"No more there was."

"And did not that tell you? Poor Rachael had lost her consolation and her hope, and had no more need of anything!"

"Poor Rachael!" cried the man, stung with sudden remorse. "Curse it! I curse you, Dick Hickman!" Then, suddenly recovering his true nature, and, like us men, never at a loss for an excuse against a woman, he said, angrily, "What is the use of letters—why didn't you come and tell me you were so badly off?"

"Me come after you! The wrong-doer?"

"O, confound your pride! Should have sent the old man to me, then."

"My grandfather, an old soldier, as proud as fire! Send him to the man who robbed me of my good name by cheating the law. You are a fool! I got him home again; but how!—by prayers, and tears, and force, all three, or you would not be here in life."

"The devil! what an old Tartar! I say, is he here along with you?"

"O, you need not fear," said Rachael, with a faint expression of scorn. "he is going directly, and I am going too; and when I do go from here, I shall have lost all the little pleasure and hope I have in the world," said Rachael, sorrowfully; and, as she said this, she became unconscious of Hickman's presence, and moved away without looking at him; but that prudent person dared not part with her so. He was one of those men who say, "I know the women," and, in his sagacity, he dreaded this woman's tongue. He determined, therefore, to stop her tongue, and not to risk Rose Mayfield and thousands for a few pounds.

"Now, Rachael, listen to me. Since the poor child is dead, there is only

you to think of. We can do one another good or harm, you and I; better good than harm, I say. Suppose I offered you twenty pounds, now, to keep dark?"

"You poor creature!"

"Well, thirty, then?"

"C, hold your tongue—you make me ashamed of myself as well as you."

"I see what it is, you want too much; you want me to be your husband."

"No; while my child lived, I claimed my right for his sake; but not now, not now," and the poor girl suddenly turned her eyes on Hickman, with an indescribable shudder, that a woman would have interpreted to the letter; but no man could be expected to read it quite aright, so many things it said.

Hickman, the sagacious, chose to understand by it pique and personal hostility to him, and desire of vengeance; and, having failed to bribe her, he now resolved to try and outface her.

It so happened that at this very moment merry voices began to sound on every side. The clatter of tables being brought out of the kitchen, and the harvest-home people were seen coming towards the place where Rachael and Hickman were; so Hickman said, hastily, "Any way, don't think to blow me—for if you do, I'll swear you out, my lass, I'll swear you out."

"No doubt you know how to lie," was the cold reply.

"There, Rachael," cried Hickman, piteously, lowering his tone of defiance in a moment, "don't expose me before the folk, whatever you do. Here they all come, confound them!"

Rachael made no answer. She retired into the Hathorns' house, and in a few minutes the tables were set, just outside the house, and loaded with good cheer, and the rustics began to ply knife and fork as zealously as they had sickle and rake, and pitchfork; and so, on the very spot of earth where Rachael had told Hickman her child was dead, and with him her heart, scarce five minutes afterwards came the rattle of knives and forks, and peals of boisterous laughter and huge feeding. And thus it happens to many a small locality in this world—tragedy, comedy and farce are acted on it by turns, and all of them in earnest. So harvest-home dinner proceeded with great zeal; and after the solids the best ale was served round *ad libitum*, and intoxication, sanctified by immemorial usage, followed in due course. However, as this symptom of harvest was a long time coming on upon the present occasion, owing to peculiar interruptions, the reader will not have to follow us so far, which let us hope he will not regret.

Few words, worthy of being embalmed in an immortal story, warranted to live a month, were uttered during the discussion of the meats, for when the *fruges consumere nati* are let loose upon beef, bacon and pudding, among the results dialogue on a large scale is not.

"Yet shall the Muse" embalm a conversation that passed on this occasion between the brothers Messenger, laborers, aged about fifty, who had been on this farm nearly all their lives.

Bob Messenger was carrying a loin of veal. Jem Messenger sat opposite him, eating bacon and beans on a very large scale.

Bob (aiming at extraordinary politeness.) "Wool you have some veal along with your bacon, Jem?"

Jem. "That I wool not, Bob" (with a reproachful air, as one whom a brother had sought to entrap.)

When the table was cleared of the viands, the ale-mugs and horns were filled, and Mrs. Mayfield and the Hathorns took part in the festive ceremony, that is, they did not sit at the table, but they showed themselves from time to time, and made their humble guests heartily welcome by word, and look, and smile, as their forefathers had done at harvest-time, each in their century and generation.

Presently Bob Messenger arose solemnly, with his horn of ale in his hand. The others rose after him, knowing well what he was going to do, and chanted with him the ancient harvest-home stave:

"Here's a health unto our master,

The founder of the feast,

Not only to our master,

But to our mistress.

Two drink, boys, drink,

And see as you do not spill,

For if you do, you shall drink to

Our health with a free good-will.

Then drink, boys, drink," &c.

Chorus. Corporal Patrick and Rachael left the table. They had waited only to take part in this compliment to their entertainers, and now they left. The reason was, one or two had jeered them before grace.

The corporal had shaved and made himself very clean, and he had put on his faded red jacket, which he always carried about, and Rachael had washed his neck-handkerchief, and tied it neatly about his neck, and had put on herself a linen collar and linen wristband, very small and plain, but white and starched; and at this their humble attempt to be decent and nice, one or two (who happened to be dirty at the time) could not help sneering. Another thing, Rachael and Patrick were strangers. Some natives cut a jest or two at their expense, and Patrick was about to answer by flinging his mug at one man's head; but Rachael restrained him, and said, "Be patient, grandfather. They were never taught any better. When the farmer's health has been drunk we can leave them."

People should be able to take jests, or to answer them in kind, not to take them to heart; but Rachael and Patrick had seen better days, (they were not so very proud and irritable then,) and now Patrick, naturally high-spirited, was sore, and could not bear to be flippant, and Rachael was become too cold and bitter towards all the vulgar natures that blundered up against her, not meaning her any good, nor much harm, either, poor devils!

A giggle greeted their departure; but it must be owned it was a somewhat uneasy giggle.

There was in the company a certain Timothy Brown John, who was naturally a shoemaker, but was turned out into the stubble annually at harvest-time. The lad had a small rustic genius for music, which he illustrated by playing the clarinet in church, to the great regret of the clergyman. Now after the chorus one or two were observed to be nudging this young man, and he to be making those mock-modest difficulties which are part of a singer, in town or country.

"Ay, Tim," cried Mrs. Mayfield, "you sing us a song."

"He have got a new one, mistress!" put in a carter's lad, with saucer eyes.

"What is it about, boy?"

"Well, replied the youngster, "it is about love" (at which the girls giggled);

"and I think it is about you, Dame Mayfield."

"About me! then it must be nice."

Chorus of Rustics. "Haw! haw! haw!"

"Come, Mr. Brown John, I will trouble you for it, directly. I can see the bottom of some of their mugs, Jane."

"Well," said Mr. Brown John, looking down, "I don't know what to say about it. Mayhap you mightn't like it quite so well before so much company."

"Why not, pray?"

"Well, you see, dame, I am afraid I shall give you a red face, like, with this here song."

"If you do, I'll give you one with this here hand."

Chorus. "Haw, haw! Ho!"

"Drat the boy, sing, and have done with it."

"I'll do my best, ma'am," replied Tim, gravely.

On this, Mr. Brown John drew from his pocket a diminutive flute, with one key, and sounded his G at great length. He then paused, to let his G enter his own mind and those around; he then composed his features like a preacher, and was about to enter on his undertaking, when the whole operation was suddenly, and remorselessly, and provokingly interrupted by Mr. Casenower, who, struck as it appeared with a sudden, irresistible idea, burst upon them all with this question,—

"Do any of you know one Rebecca Reid, in this part of the world?"

The company started.

Some, to whom this question had been put by him before, giggled; others scratched their heads; others got no farther than a stricken look. A few mustered together their wits, and assured Mr. Casenower they had never heard tell of "the wench."

"How devilish odd!" cried Casenower, "it is not such a common combination of sounds, one would think."

"I know Hannah Reid," squeaked a small cow-boy; he added, with enthusiasm, "she is a capital slider, she is!" and he smiled at some reminiscence, perchance of a joint somersault upon the ice, last winter.

"Hannah does not happen to be Rebecca, young gentleman," objected Casenower; "sing away, John Brown."

"I'm going, sir. G—g—g—g—" and he impressed the key-note once more upon their souls. Then sang Brown John the following song, and the rest made the laughing chorus, and, as they all laughed in different ways, though they began laughing from their heads, ended in laughing from their hearts. It was pleasant and rather funny, and proved so successful, that after this *Il Maestro* Brown John and his song were asked to all the feasts in a circle of seven miles. There were eight verses: we will confine ourselves to two, because paper is not absolutely valueless, whatever the trivialisms may think.

"When Richard appeared, how my heart pit-a-pat
With a tenderly motion, with which it was raised:
To hear the young fellow's gay, innocent chat,
I could listen for ever; O dear! I'm so pleased!
I'm so pleased! ha! ha! ha! ha!
I'm so pleased! ha! ha! ha! ha!
I'm going to be married, O dear! I'm so pleased!
I'm going to be married, O dear! I'm so pleased!
Chorus. I'm so pleased, &c.

"O sweet is the smell of the new-mown hay,
And sweet are the cowpits that spring in May;
But sweeter's my lad than the daisies' lawn,
Or the hay, or the flower, or the cows at the dawn.
I'm so pleased," &c.

We writers can tell "the what," but not so very often "the how," of anything. I can give Tim's bare words, but it is not in my power nor any man's to write down the manner of *Il Maestro* in singing. How he dwelt on the short syllables, and abridged the long,—his grave face till he came to his laugh,—and then the enormous mouth that flew suddenly open and the jovial peal that came ringing through two rows of teeth like white chess-pawns,—and with all this his quaint, indescribable, *dulez*, rustic twang, that made his insignificant melody ring like church bells heard from the middle of a wood, and taste like methuglin come down to us in a yew-tree cask from the Druids!

During the song, one Robert Munday and his son, rural soldiers, who by instinct nosed festivities, appeared at the gate, each with a green bag. A shriek of welcome greeted them; they were set in a corner, with beef and ale galore, and soon the great table was carried in, the ground cleared, the couples made, and the fiddles tuning.

The Messrs. Munday made some preliminary flourishes, like hawks hovering uncertain where to pounce, and then, like the same bird, they suddenly dashed into "The Day in June."

Their style was rough, and bore a family likeness to ploughing, but it was true, clean, and spirited; the notes of the *arpeggio* danced out like starry sparks in fireworks.

Moreover, the Messrs. Munday played to the foot, which is precisely what your melted-butter-violinist always fails to do, whether he happens to be washing out the soul of a waltz, or of a polka, or of a reel.

They also played so as to raise the spirits of all who heard them, young or old, which is an artistic effect of the very highest order, however attained, and never is and never will be attained by the melted-butter violinist.

The fiddlers being merry, the dancers were merry; the dancers being merry, the fiddlers said to themselves, "Aha! we have not missed fire," and so grew merrier still. And thus the electric fire of laughter and music darted to and fro. Dance, sons and daughters of toil! None had ever a better right to dance than you have this sunny afternoon in clear September. It was you that painfully ploughed the stiff soil; it was you that trudged up the high, uncommodious furrow, and painfully cast abroad the equal seed. You that are women bowed the back, and painfully drilled holes in the soil, and poured in the seed; and this month past you have all bent, and with sweating brows, cut down and housed the crops that came from the seed you planted. Dance! for those yellow ricks, trophies of your labor, say you have a right to; those barns, bursting with golden fruit, swear you have a right to. Harvest-tide comes but once a year. Dance! sons and daughters of toil!

Reck over your work, smile with the smiling year, and, in this bright hour, O cease, my poor soul, to envy the rich and great! Believe me, they are never, at any hour of their lives, so cheery as you are now. How can they be? With them dancing is tame work, an everyday business—no rarity, no treat. Don't envy them—God is just, and deals the sources of content with a more equal hand than appears on the surface of things. Dance, too, without fear; let no Puritan make you believe it is wrong; things are wrong out of season, and right in season; to dance in harvest is as becoming as to be grave in church. The Almighty has put it into the hearts of insects to dance in the afternoon sun, and of men and women in every age and in every land to dance round the gathered crop, whether it be corn, or oil, or wine, or any other familiar miracle that springs up sixty-fold and nurtures and multiplies the life of man. More fire, fiddlers, play to the foot—play to the heart the sprightly "Day in June." Ay! foot it freely, lads and lasses; my own heart is warmer to think you are merry once or twice in your year of labor. Dance, my poor brothers and sisters, sons and daughters of toil!

After several dances, Mrs. Mayfield, who had been uneasy in her mind at remaining out of the fun, could bear inaction no longer; so she pounced on Robert Hathorn and drew him into the magic square. Robert danced, but in a very listless way; so much so, that his mother, who stood by, took occasion to give him a push and say, "Is that the way to dance?" at which poor Robert tried to do better, but his limbs, as well as his face, showed how far his heart was from his heels.

Now, in the middle of this dance, suddenly loud and angry sounds were heard approaching, and the voice of old Patrick was soon distinguished, and the next moment he was seen following Mr. Hickman, and, hanging on his rear, loading him with invective. Rachael was by his side, endeavoring, in vain, to soothe him, and to end what to her was a most terrible scene. At a gesture from Mrs. Mayfield, the fiddlers left off, and the rustics turned, all curiosity, towards the interruption. "There are bad hearts in the world," shouted Patrick to all present—"vermin that steal into honest houses and defile them—bad hearts, that rob the poor of that which is before life; O yes, far before life!" and as he uttered these words, Patrick was observed to stagger.

"The old man is drunk," said Hickman. "I don't know what he means."

Rachael colored high and cried, "No, Master Robert I assure you he is not drunk, but he is not himself; he has been complaining this hour past; see! look at his eye. Good people, my grandfather is ill;" and indeed, as she said these words, Patrick, who, from the moment he had staggered, had stared wildly and confusedly around him, suddenly bowed his head and dropped upon his knees; he would have fallen on his face, but Rachael's arm now held him up.

In a moment several persons came round them; amongst the rest, Robert and Mrs. Mayfield. Robert loosened his neckcloth, and, looking at the old man's face and eye, he said, gravely and tenderly, "Rachael, I have seen the like of this before—in harvest."

"O Master Robert, what is it?"

"Rachael, it is a stroke of the sun!" He turned to his mother—"God forgive us all, the old man was never fit for the work we have put him to."

"Come, don't stand gaping there," cried Mrs. Mayfield; "mount my mare and gallop for the doctor—don't spare her—off with you! Betsey, get a bed ready in my garret."

"Eh, dear!" said Mrs. Hathorn, "I doubt the poor thing's troubles are over," and she put up her apron and began to cry.

"O no!" cried Rachael. "Grandfather—don't leave me!—don't leave me!"

Corporal Patrick's lips moved.

"I can't see ye! I can't see any of ye!" he said, fretfully, "Ah!" he resumed, as if a light had broken in on him. "Yes!" said he, very calmly, "I think I am going;" but the next moment he cried in tones that made the bystanders thrill, so wild and piteous they were,—"My daughter! my daughter!—she will miss me!"

Robert Hathorn fell on his knees, and took the old hand with one of those grasps that bring soul in contact with soul; the old soldier, who was at this moment past seeing or hearing, felt this grasp, and turned to it as an unconscious plant turns to the light. "I can't see you," said he, faintly, "but whoever you are, take care of my child!—she is such a good child!" The hands spoke to one another still; then the old soldier almost smiled, and the anxious, frightened look of his face began to calm. "Thank God," he faltered, "they are going to take care of my child!" And, almost with these words, he lost all sense, and lay pale, and calm, and motionless at their feet, and his hand could grasp Robert's no more. There was a moment of dead silence and inquiring looks. Robert looked into his face gravely and attentively.

When he had so inspected him a little while, he turned to them all, and he said, in a deep and almost a stern voice,—

"Hats off!"

They all uncovered, and stood looking like stricken deer at the old soldier as he lay. The red jacket had nothing ridiculous now. When it was new and bright, it had been in great battles. They asked themselves now, "Had they really sneered at this faded rag of England's glory, and at that withered hero?" "Didn't think the old man was going to leave us like that," said one of these rough penitents, "or I'd never have wagged my tongue again."

Mrs. Mayfield gave orders to have him carried up to her garret, and four stout rustics, two at his head and two at his feet, took him up the stairs, and laid him there on a decent bed. When Rachael saw the clean floor, the little carpet round the foot of the bed, the bright walls and windows, and the snowy sheets, made ready for her grandfather, she hid her face and wept, and said but two words—"Too late! too late!"

As Rachael was following her grandfather up the stairs, she met Hickman; that worthy had watched this sorrowful business in silence; he had tears in his eyes, and, coming to her, he whispered in her ear, "Rachael don't fret,—I

will not desert you now." On the landing, a moment after, Rachael met Robert Hathorn, he said to her, "Rachael you grandfather trusted you to me."

When Hickman said that to her, Rachael turned and looked at him. When Robert said that to her she lowered her eyes away from him.

CHAPTER III.

The poor battered soldier lay some hours between life and death. Just before sunrise, Rachael, who had watched him all night, and often moistened his temples with vinegar, opened the window, and as the morning air came into the room, a change for the better was observed in the patient,—a slight color stole into his pale cheeks, and he seemed to draw a fuller breath, and his heart beat more perceptibly. Rachael knelt and prayed for him, and then she prayed to him not to leave her alone: the sun had been up about an hour, and came fiery bright into the whitewashed room; for it looked towards the east, and Corporal Patrick's lips moved, but without uttering a sound. Rachael prayed for him again most fervently. About nine o'clock his lips moved, and this time he spoke:

"—Rear rank, right wheel!"

The next moment, a light shot into his eye. His looks rested upon Rachael: he smiled feebly, but contentedly, then closed his eyes, and slumbered again.

Corporal Patrick lived. But it was a near thing, a very near thing,—he was saved by one of those accidents we call luck,—when Mrs. Mayfield's Tom rode for the doctor, the doctor was providentially out. Had he been in, our tale would be now bidding farewell to Corporal Patrick,—for this doctor was one of the pig-sticking ones. He loved to stab men and women with a tool that has slain far more than the sword in modern days; it is called "the lancet." Had he found a man insensible, he would have stabbed him, poor man! he always stabbed a fellow-creature when he caught it insensible: not very generous, was it?—now had he drawn from those old veins one table-spoonful of that red fluid which is the life of a man, the aged man would have come to his senses only to sink the next hour, and die for want of that vital stream stolen from him by rule.

As it was, he breathed; and came back to life by slow degrees. At first his right arm was powerless; then he could not move the right leg; but at last he recovered the use of his limbs, but remained feeble, and his poor head was sore confused: one moment he would be quite himself; another, his memory of recent events would be obscured,—and then he would shake his head and sigh. But nature was strong in him; and he got better,—but slowly.

As soon as he was able to walk, Rachael proposed to Mrs. Mayfield to return home, but Mrs. Hathorn interposed, and requested Rachael to take her own servant's place for another week, in order to let the servant visit her friends. On these terms, Rachael remained, and did the work of the Hathorns' house, and it was observed, that during this period more color came to her cheek, and her listlessness and languor sensibly diminished.

She was very active and zealous in her work, and old Hathorn was so pleased with her, that he said one day to Mrs. Hathorn: "I don't care if Betsy never comes back at all; this one is worth a baker's dozen of her, this Rachael."

"Betsy will serve our turn as well in the long run," said Mrs. Hathorn, somewhat dryly and thoughtfully.

"Betsy!" replied the former, contemptuously; "there is more sense in this Rachael's forefinger than in that wench's whole carcass."

It was about two days after this, that the following conversation took place between Robert Hathorn and his mother:

"Is it true, what I hear, that Mr. Patrick talks about going next week?"

"Have not they been here long enough, Robert? I wish they may not have been here too long."

"Why too long, when you asked them to stay yourself, mother?"

"Yes, I did, and I doubt I did very wrong. But it is hard for a mother to deny her son."

"I am much obliged to you, mother, but I don't remember that ever I asked you."

"No! no. I don't say that you ever spoke your mind, Robert; but you looked up in my face, and showed your wish plain enough to my eye; and you see, a poor foolish body like me doesn't know how to say no to her boy that never vexed her. I should have been a better friend to you if I had turned my head away, and made believe not to see what is in your heart."

"Robert paused awhile, then, in a low, anxious voice, he whispered: 'Don't you like her, mother?'"

"Yes! I like her, my poor soul. What is there to dislike in her? But I don't know her."

"But I know her as well as if we had been seven years acquainted."

"You talk like a child! How can you know a girl that comes from a strange part?"

"I'd answer for her, mother."

"I wouldn't answer for any young wench of them all! I do notice, she is very close; ten to one if she has not an acquaintance of some sort, good or bad."

"A bad acquaintance, mother! Never! If you had seen her through all the harvest-month, as I did, respect herself and make others respect her, you would see that girl never could have made a trip in her life."

"Now, Robert, what makes you so sad, like, if you have no misgivings about her?"

"Because, mother, I don't think she likes me so well as I do her."

"All the better," said Mrs. Hathorn, dryly; "make up your mind to that."

"Do not say so! do not say so!" said Robert, piteously.

"Well, Robert, she does not hate you, you may be sure of that. Why is she in such a hurry to go away?"

"Because she has some one in her own country she likes better than me."

"Ay! that is the way you boys read women. More likely she is afraid of liking you too well, and making mischief in a family."

"O, mother, do you think it is that?"

"There, I am a fool to tell you such things."

"O, no, no, no! There is no friend like a mother."

"There is no fool like a mother, that is my belief."

"No, no! Give me some comfort, mother; tell me you see some signs of liking in her."

"Well, then, when she is quite sure you are not looking her way, I can see her eyes dwell upon you as if it was at home."

"O, how happy you make me! But, mother, how you must have watched her!"

"Of course, I watched her, and you too. I've seen a long while how matters were going."

"But you never spoke to Rose, or my father?"

"If I had, she would have been turned out of the house, and a good job too; but you would have fretted, you know," and Mrs. Hathorn sighed.

"Mother, I must kiss you. I shall have courage to speak to father about it now."

"Take a thought, Robert. His heart is set upon your marrying your cousin. It would be a bitter pill to the poor old man, and his temper is very hasty. For Heaven's sake, take a thought. I don't know what to do, I am sure."

"I must do it soon or late," said Robert, resolutely. "No time so good as now. Father is hasty, and he will be angry, no doubt; but after a while he will give in; I don't ask him favors every day. Do you consent, mother?"

"O, Robert, what is the use asking me whether I consent? I have only one son, and he is a good one. I am afraid I could not say no to your happiness, suppose it was my duty to say no; but your father is not such a fool as I am, and I am main doubtful whether he will ever consent. I wish you could think better of it."

"I will try him, mother, no later than to-day. Why, here he comes. O, there is Mr. Casenower with him; that is unlucky. You get him away mother, and I'll open my mind to father."

Old Hathorn came past the window, and entered the room where Robert and Mrs. Hathorn were. The farmer stumped in, and sat down with some appearance of fatigue. Mr. Casenower sat down opposite him.

That gentleman had in his hand a cabbage. He was proving to the farmer that this plant is more nutritious than the potato. The theory was German in the first instance. "There are but three nourishing principles in all food," argued Mr. Casenower, "and of those, what we call 'fibrine' is the most effective. Now, see, I put my nail to this stalk, and it readily reduces itself to a bundle of little fibres; see, those are pure fibrine, and, taken into the stomach, make the man muscular. Can anything be clearer?"

Mr. Hathorn, who had shown symptoms of impatience, replied to this effect: "That he knew by personal experience that cabbage turns to nothing but hot water in a man's belly."

"There are words to come out of a man's mouth!" objected Mrs. Hathorn.

"Better than cabbage going into it," grunted the farmer.

"Ah, you know nothing of chemistry, my good friend."

"Well, sir, you say there is a deal of heart in a cabbage."

"I do."

"Then I tell you what I'll do with you, sir. There is some fool has been and planted half an acre of cabbages in my barley-field."

"It was not a fool," put in Mrs. Hathorn, sharply, "it was me."

"It was not a fool, you see, sir; it was a woman," responded Hathorn, mightily dryly. "Well, sir, you train on the dame's cabbages for a month, and all that time I'll eat nothing stronger than beef and bacon, and at the end of the month I'll fight you for a pot of beer, if you are so minded."

"This is the way we reason in the country, eh, Mr. Robert?"

"Yes, sir, it would serve father right if you took him up, sir, with his game leg; but I don't hold with cabbages for all that; a turnip is watery enough, but a cabbage and a sponge are pretty much one, it seems to me."

"Mr. Casenower," put in Mrs. Hathorn, "didn't you promise to show me a pansy in your garden that is to win the next prize at Wallingford?"

"I did, ma'am; but you should not call it 'pansy'; 'heart's-ease,' is bad enough, without going back to 'pansy.' *Viola tricolor* is the name of the flower—the scientific name."

"No," said old Hathorn, stoutly.

"No! What do you mean by no?"

"What are names for? To remember things by; then the scientificest, name must be the one that is easiest to remember. Now pansy is a deal easier to remember than 'viola tricolor.'"

"I am at your service, Mrs. Hathorn; come along, for heaven's sake," and off bustled Mr. Casenower towards the garden with Mrs. Hathorn.

"Father," said Robert, after an uneasy pause, "I have something to say to you, very particular."

"Have you, though? Well, out with it, my lad!"

"Father—"

At this moment in bustled Mr. Casenower again. "Oh, Mr. Robert, I forgot something. Let me tell you, now I think of it. I want you to find out this Rebecca Reid for me. She lives somewhere near, within a few miles. I don't exactly know how many. Can't you find her out?"

"Why, sir," said Robert, "it is like looking for one poppy in a field of standing wheat."

"No, no! When you go to market, ask all the farmers from different parishes whether they know her."

"Haw, haw, haw!" went Hathorn, senior. "Yes do, Robert. Ho, ho!"

"Have you any idea what he is laughing at?" said Mr. Casenower, dryly.

"Father thinks you will make me the laughing-stock of the market, sir, said Robert, with a faint smile; "but never mind him, sir, I shall try and oblige you."

"You are a good fellow, Robert. I must go back to Mrs. Hathorn," and off he bustled again.

"Father," began Robert; but before he could open his subject, voices were heard outside, and Mrs. Mayfield came in, followed by Richard Hickman.

"Tie! tie! tie!" said poor Robert, peevishly, for he foresaw endless interruptions.

Mr. Hickman had been for some minutes past employed in the agreeable occupation of bringing Mrs. Mayfield to the point; but, for various reasons, Mrs. Mayfield did not want to be brought to the point that forenoon. One of those reasons was, that, although she liked Hickman well enough to marry him, she liked somebody else better, and she was not yet sure as to this person's intentions.

She wanted therefore, to be certain she could not have Paul, before she committed herself to Peter. Now, certain ladies when they do not want to be brought to the point, have ways of avoiding it that a man would hardly hit upon. One of them is, to be constantly moving about; for, they argue, "If he can't pin my body to any spot, he can't pin my soul, for my soul is contained in my body," and there is a certain vulgar philosophy in this. Another is, to be so absorbed in some small matter, that just then they cannot do justice to the larger question, and so modestly postpone it.

"Will I be yours till death us do part? now, how can I tell you just now? such a question demands at least some attention; and look at this hole in my lace-collar, which I am mending; if I don't give my whole soul to it, how can I mend it properly?"

Mr. Hickman had no sooner shown Mrs. Mayfield that he wanted to bring her to the point, than he found himself in for some hard work: twice he had to cross the farm-yard with her: he had to take up a sickly chicken and pronounce upon its ailment. He had to get some milk in a pail and give one of her calves a drink. He had to bring one cow from paddock to stall, and another from stall to paddock. Heaven knew why,—and when all this and much more was done, the lady caught sight of her friends in the Hathorns' kitchen, and crying briskly, "Come this way," led Mr. Hickman into company where she knew he could not press the inopportune topic.

"Curse her!" muttered the enamored one, as he followed her into the Hathorns' kitchen.

After the usual greetings, the farmer observing Robert's impatience, said to Hickman, "If you will excuse me for a minute, farmer, Robert wants to speak to me; we are going towards the barn." He then beckoned Mrs. Mayfield, and whispered in her ear, "Don't let this one set you against my Robert, that is worth a hundred of him."

Mrs. Mayfield whispered in return, "And don't let your Robert shilly-shally so, because this one does not—your understanding."

"All right," replied Hathorn; "ten to one if it is not you he wants to speak to me about."

Hathorn and his son then sauntered into the farm-yard, and Hickman gained what he had been trying for so long, a quiet *à-tête* with Mrs. Mayfield: for all that, if a woman is one of those who has a wish, it is dangerous to drive her to the point.

"Well, Mrs. Mayfield," said he, quietly but firmly, "I am courting you this six months, and now I should be glad to have my answer. 'Yes,' or 'no,' if you please."

Mrs. Mayfield sidled towards the window: it commanded the farm-yard. Robert and his father were walking slowly up and down by the side of the farm-yard pond. Mrs. Mayfield watched them intently, then, half turning towards Hickman, she said slowly, "Why, as to that, Mr. Hickman, you have certainly come after me awhile, and I'll not deny I find you very good company; but I have been married once and made a great mistake, as you have heard, I dare say; so now I am obliged to be cautious."

"What are you afraid of my temper, Rose? I am not reckoned a bad-tempered one, any more than myself."

"O, no! I have no fault to find with you,—only we have not been acquainted so very long."

"That is a fault will mend every day."

"Of course it will; well, when you are settled on Bix, we shall see you mostly every day, and then we shall know you one another better; for if you have no faults, I have; and then you will know better what sort of a bargain you are making; and then—we will see about it."

"Better tell the truth," said the all-observant Hickman.

"The truth!"

"Ay! that the old man wants you to marry Bob Hathorn. O, I am down upon him this many a day."

"Robert Hathorn is nothing to me," replied the Mayfield; "but since you put him in my head, I confess I might do worse."

"How could you do worse than marry a lad who has nothing but his two arms?"

Mrs. Mayfield looking slyly through the window, observed Robert and his father to be in earnest conversation; this somewhat colored her answer. She replied quickly, "Better poor and honest than half rich and three parts of a rogue!"

"Is that for me, if you please?" said Hickman, calmly but firmly.

"No!" I don't say it is," replied the lady, fearful she had gone too far; "but still I wonder at your choosing this time for pressing me."

"Why not this time, as well as another, pray?" and Hickman eyed her intently, though secretly.

"Why not!" said she, and she paused; for the dialogue between Hathorn and his son was now so animated, that the father's tones reached even to her ear.

"Ay! why not?" repeated Hickman.

The lady turned on him, and with a sudden change of manner, said very sharply, "Ask your own conscience."

"I don't know what you mean!"

"I'll tell you. This old Patrick was miscalling you, when he fell ill. They say it was a stroke of the sun,—may be it was; but I should say passion had something to do with it too: the old man said words to you that none of the others noticed, but I did. He said as much as that you had robbed some one of what is before life in this world."

"Ay, and what is before life, I wonder?" said the satirical Hickman.

"Why, nothing," replied the frank Mrs. Mayfield, "if you go to that; but it is a common saying that a 'good name is before life,' and that is what the old man meant."

"I wonder you should take notice of what that old man says, and above all his daughter."

"His daughter, Mr. Hickman! Why, I never mentioned his daughter, for my part. You have been and put your own bricks on my foundation."

Hickman looked confused.

"You are a fool, Richard Hickman! You have told me more than I knew, and I see more than you tell me. You have led that girl astray, and deserted her likely, you little scamp!" (Hickman was five foot ten.)

"Nonsense!" put in Hickman. "That Rachael shall never come between you and me; but I'll tell you who the girl stands between: you and your Robert, that the farmer wants to put in the traces with you against his will."

"You are a liar!" cried Rose Mayfield, coloring to her temples.

Hickman answered coolly, "Thank you for the compliment, Rose. No, it is the truth. You see, when a man is wrapped up in a woman, as I am in you, he finds out everything that concerns her; and your boy, Tom, tells me that Robert is as fond of her as a cow of a calf."

"He fond of that Rachael! No!"

"Why, Rachael is a well-looking lass, if you go to that."

"And so she is," pondered Mrs. Mayfield; and in a moment many little circumstances in Robert's conduct became clear by this new light Hickman had given her. She struggled, and recovered her outward composure. "Well," said she, stoutly, "what is it to me?"

"Why, not much, I hope. Give me your hand, Rose; I don't fancy any girl but you. And name the day, if you will be so good."

"No, no!" said Rose Mayfield, nearly crying with vexation, "I won't marry any of you,—a set of rogues and blockheads. And if it is true, I don't thank you for telling me. You are a sly, spiteful dog, and I don't care how often you ride past my house without hooking bridle to the gate, Dick Hickman."

Hickman bit his lips, but he kept his temper. "What! all this because Bob Hathorn's taste is not so good as mine! Ought I to suffer for his folly?"

"O, it is not for that, don't think it! But I don't want a lover that has ruined other women; it is not lucky, to say the least."

"What, all this because a girl jumped into my arms, one day. Why, I am not so hard upon you. I hear tales about you, you know, but I only laugh,—even about Frank Fairfield and you." (Mrs. Mayfield gave a little start.)

"Neither you nor I are angels, you know. Why should we be hard on one another?"

Mrs. Mayfield, red as fire, interrupted him. "My faults, if I have any, have hurt me only; but yours never hurt you, and ruined others; and you say no more about me than you know, or you will get a slap in the mouth, and there's my door; you take it at a word, and I'll excuse any further visits from you, Mr. Hickman."

These words, with a finger pointing to the door, and a flashing eye, left nothing for Hickman but to retire, which he did, boiling with indignation, mortification and revenge. "This is all along of Rachael. She has blown me," muttered he, between his teeth. "I have got the bag; you shan't gain anything by it, Rachael!"

It will be remembered that when Patrick lay dying or dead, as he supposed, this Hickman had a good impulse, and told Rachael he would never desert her; in this he was perfectly sincere at the moment. People utterly destitute of principle abound in impulses. They have good impulses, which generally come to nothing or next to nothing; and bad impulses, which they put in practice.

Mr. Hickman had time to think over his good impulse, and, accordingly, he thought better of it, and found that Rose Mayfield was too great a prize to resign. He therefore kept out of the way more than a week, (a suspicious circumstance, which Mrs. Mayfield did not fail to couple with old Patrick's words), and his pity for Rachael evaporated in all that time. "What the worse is she for me now? Hang her, I offered her money, and what not; but I suppose nothing will serve her turn but hooking me for life, or else having her spite out, and spilling my milk for me here."

It was a fixed notion in this man's mind that Rachael would do all she could to ruin his suit with Mrs. Mayfield, and when he got the "sack," or, as he vulgarly called it, "the bag," he attributed it, in spite of Rose Mayfield's denial, to some secret revelation on Rachael's part, and a furious impulse to be revenged on her took possession of him.

Now this bad impulse, unlike his good one, had no time to cool. As he went towards the stable, the devil would have it he should meet Robert Hathorn. At sight of him our worthy acted upon his impulse. Robert, who was coming hastily from his father, with his brow knit and his countenance flushed, would have passed Hickman with the usual greeting, but Hickman would not let him off so easily.

"What, so you have got my old lass here still, Master Robert?"

"Your old lass! Not that I know of."

"Rachael Wright, you know."

"Rachael Wright your lass!"

"Ay! and a very nice lass, too, till we fell out. She gave me a broad hint just now, but I am for higher game. You could not lend me a spur, could you, Mr. Robert? Mine is broken."

"No."

"Never mind; good morning! good morning!"

Hickman's looks and contemptuous tones had eked out the few words with which he had stabbed Robert, and, together with the libertine character of the man, had effectually blackened Rachael in Robert's eyes.

This done, away went the poisoner, and chuckled as he went.

Robert Hathorn stood pale as death, looking after him. To this stupefaction succeeded a feeling of sickness, and a sense of despair, and Robert sat down upon the shaft of an empty cart, and gazed with stony eye upon the ground at his feet. His feelings were inexpressibly bitter. Where was he to hope to find a woman he could respect, if this paragon was a girl of loose conduct. Then came remorse; for this Rachael he had this moment all but quarrelled with his father—their first serious misunderstanding. After a fierce struggle with himself, he forced himself to see that she must be wrenched out of his heart. He rose, pale but stern, after a silent agony that lasted full an hour, though to him it seemed but a minute, and went and looked after his father. He found him in the barn watching the threshers, but like one who did not see what he was looking at. His countenance was fallen and sad; the great and long-cherished wish of his heart had been shaken, and by his son; and then he had given that son bitter and angry words, and threatened him; and that son had answered respectfully, but firmly as iron, and the old man's heart began to sink.

He looked up, and there was Robert, pale and stern, looking steadfastly at him, with an expression he quite misunderstood. Old Hathorn lifted his head, and said sharply and bitterly to his son, "Well?"

"Father," said Robert, in a languid voice, "I am come to ask your pardon."

Farmer Hathorn looked astonished. Robert went on.

"I'll marry any woman you like, father—they are all one to me now."

"Why, what is the matter, Bob? This is too much the other way."

"And if I said anything to vex you, forgive me, father, if you please."

"No! no! no!" cried old Hathorn, "no more about it, Bob; there was no one to blame but my hasty temper—no more about it. Why, if the poor chap hasn't taken it quite to heart—hasn't a morsel of color left in his cheek!"

"Never mind my looks," gasped Robert.

"And don't mind my words either then. Robert, you have made me happier than I have been any time this twenty years."

"I am glad of it," gasped Robert. "I'll look to this, if you have anything else to do." He wanted to be alone.

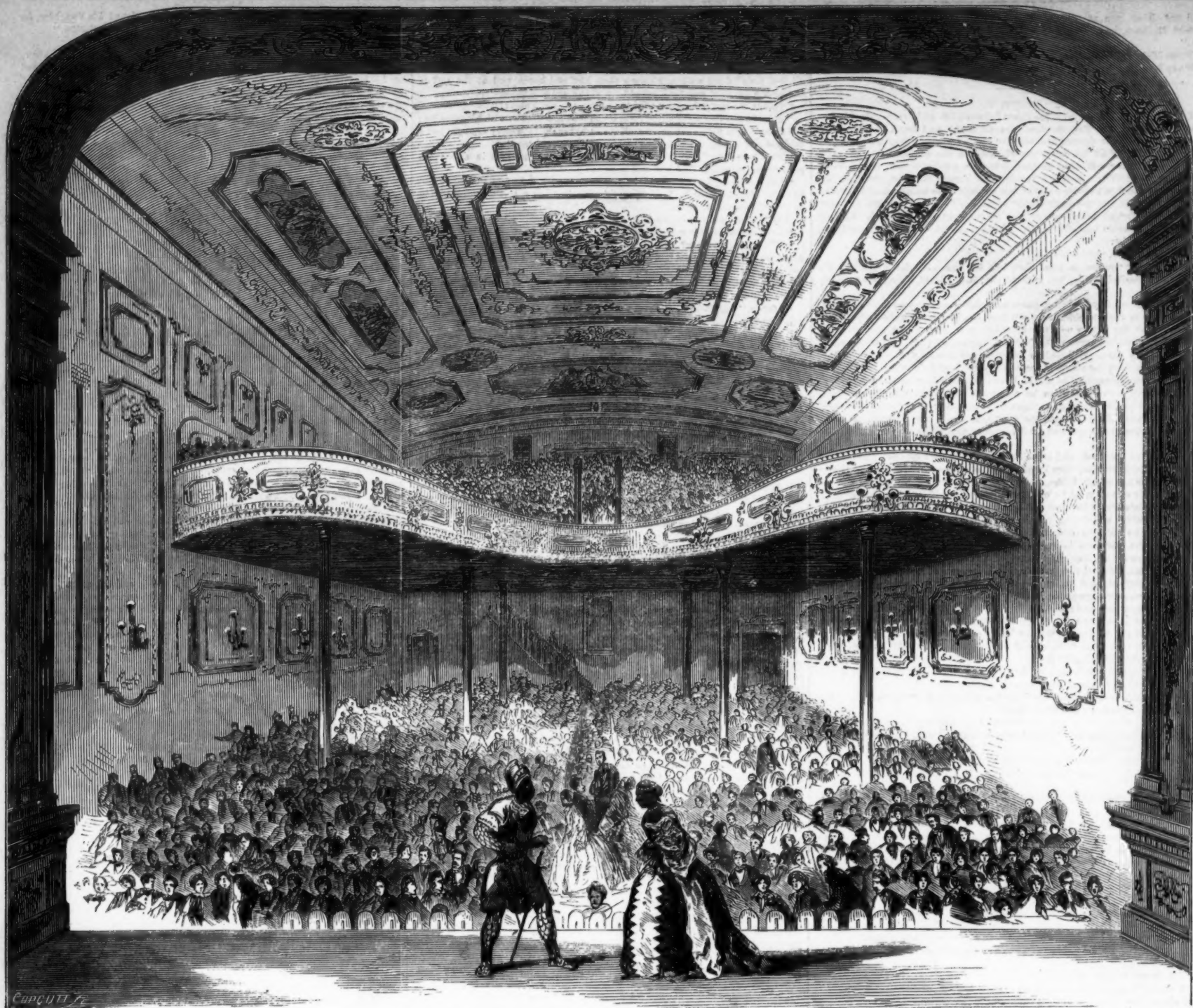
"Thank you, Bob; I want to go into the village; keep up your heart, my lad. She is the best-looking woman I know, with the best heart I ever met, and I am older than you, and you see the worst of her the first day; her good part you are never at the bottom of; it is just the contrary with the sly ones. There, there! I'll say no more. Good by." And away went the old farmer, radiant.

"Be happy," sobbed Robert; "I am glad there is one happy." And he sat down cold as a stone in his father's place. After a while he rose and walked listlessly about, till at last his feet took him through habit into his father's kitchen; on entering it, his whole frame took a sudden thrill, for he found Rachael there tying up her bundle for a journey. She had heard his step, and her head was turned away from the door; but near her was a small, round, old-fashioned mirror, and, glancing into this, Robert saw that tears were stealing down her face.

(To be continued.)

A letter of July 4, from Egmont, in Norway, in the *Augsburg Gædder*, says: "The temperature is extraordinary cold for the season. Last night the thermometer was so low that in some localities the potatoes were frozen in the ground. Two days ago it snowed part of the day. On the heights of the Thelmark the cold has been so severe that cows and sheep have perished. The snow was a foot deep there. On the 1st July the *Arct* steamer was prevented from leaving Karstad by a snow storm."

The *Edinburgh S. C. Advertiser*, says, that Mr. Wm. Gregg, of Kalmia, Edgely District, has realized this year very nearly four thousand dollars from sales in the New York market, of peaches raised upon the small hills of that district.



INTERIOR VIEW OF BUCKLEY'S THEATRE, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SKETCH OF THE "BUCKLEY FAMILY,"

AND DESCRIPTION OF THEIR THEATRICAL TEMPLE, BROADWAY.

In furnishing our readers with the portraits of the "Buckley Family," and an interior view of their splendid theatre, a brief sketch of the "rise and progress" of the family will, doubtless, prove of interest, inasmuch as its professional career has become a matter of history.

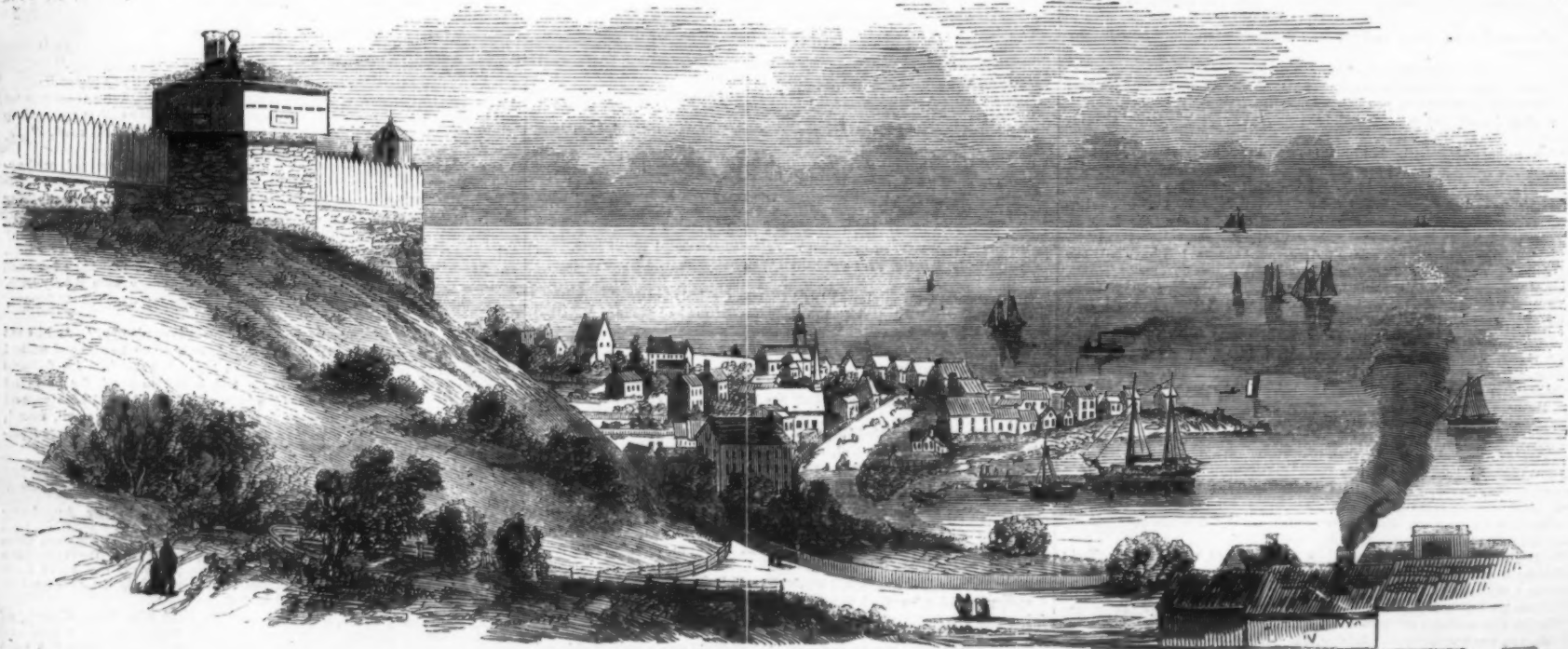
The "Buckley Family," professionally speaking, consists of the father, Mr. James Buckley, and his three sons, R. Bishop Buckley, George Swaine Buckley, and Frederick Buckley. Mr. G. Swaine Buckley occupies the position of first tenor, "light comedian," eccentric comedian, banjoist, &c. R. Bishop Buckley, that of low comedian, buffo, &c. Frederick Buckley, that of leader of the orchestra, violin soloist, composer or arranger of all melodies and operatic music given by the troupe. In addition to the varied attractions and talents comprised within themselves, the Buckleys are noted for having always associated with them performers of the

highest ability in their respective rôles. They first became known to the public in 1842 as the "Congo Melodists," under which title they became exceedingly popular, being the first band to harmonise negro melodies, operatic choruses, etc., and being practical as well as theoretical musicians, they imparted a charm and effect to Ethiopian airs, and which has, up to the present period, given their performances a peculiar interest and celebrity.

They were the first also in presenting to the public burlesques and travesties of popular operas, which have since secured them a world-wide reputation and elicited the continual attendance of the best and most refined classes of society. In the year 1844, they assumed their legitimate appellation, the "Buckley Family," and gave concerts with fame and profit in all the principal cities of the South. At New Orleans their success was unprecedented in the annals of musical exhibitions, and so long were they the reigning favorites in the Crescent City, and so well delighted were they with the patronage and courtesy of the citizens, that they were induced to change their title to that of the "New Orleans Serenaders." After performing in that city for a year and a half they were induced to visit

Europe, and arrived in Liverpool in 1846, where they performed to thronged and delighted audiences. From thence they proceeded to the great metropolis of all novelties, London, and appeared at Drury lane and the principal theatres, in both of which places they attracted overflowing houses, receiving the applause of people of the highest rank in England. They subsequently took a continental tour, giving concerts with the greatest success in all the principal cities, and returned to the land of their first triumphs, the United States, after an absence of two years.

Having appeared before the aristocracy of Europe, they once more appeared before the sovereigns of the United States at the Bowery Theatre, where they were greeted with a most cordial "welcome home." After again concerting with increased success in New York, Philadelphia, etc., they conceived the idea of giving burlesques on well known operas, and produced "Cinderella," the "Bohemian Girl," etc., etc., rendering the music with astonishing accuracy and effect, and attracting throngs of admirers. At the breaking out of the "California fever," the Buckleys were, like thousands of others, desirous of seeing the "elephant" as well as the



VIEW FROM THE FORTIFICATIONS, MACKINAC, MICHIGAN.



R. BISHOP BUCKLEY.

JAMES BUCKLEY.
FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

GEORGE SWAINE BUCKLEY.

land of gold, and after giving concerts in various cities and towns in Mexico, they landed at San Francisco in the year 1852.

During their stay in California they gave concerts in all of the principal towns, visited the mines, where they were obliged to perform in tents which were always crowded, even at the price of THREE DOLLARS a ticket. They made money rapidly, but experienced great suffering and some startling risks of their lives as well as their hard earned gains. When the rainy season had submerged the country they were obliged to swim their mules through the most dangerous torrents in returning to San Francisco, where they performed for fifty consecutive nights to crowded houses, they resolved to return home and arrived in New York in June, 1853, with increased fortune and experience in the way of adventure, observation of the world and things, and, above all, charmed with the great beauties of nature. On their tropical trip Mr. Frederic M. Buckley, who can handle the pencil in addition to the bow, made some spirited drawings, which were quickly sought after on his return and published in some of our pictorials.

Immediately upon their return, the Buckleys leased and fitted up at much expense the Chinese Hall in Broadway, in which, for above two years, they gave a succession of burlesque opera, which they produced in regard to scenery and appointments in a style equal to that of any theatre in the country, and were remunerated by a corresponding patronage from the public. In the early part of the present year they resolved upon erecting a temple more commodious and worthy of their throngs of admirers, and in which they could have more scope for the scenic and dramatic effect of their operas. Accordingly, having an able architect and the first

mechanics, decorative artists, &c., they prepared their present new and magnificent temple, located at 585 Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, and which is universally pronounced as the most elegant, comfortable and capacious edifice of the kind in the world! It was first opened to the public on the evening of the 25th of August, with a burlesque on the opera of "Il Trovatore." The excitement to gain an entrance was unprecedented in the history of New York theatrical representations. Broadway, opposite the theatre, became impassable. The omnibus, to escape the pressure and accommodate infuriated old gentlemen, had to pass around the back streets to reach their places of destination; it reminded our old stages of the Jenny Lind mania. The new hall is commodious, and perfectly fitted for the purposes designed, the unusual height between the ceilings giving an airy and graceful appearance. From the opening night until the present, the house each evening has been crowded, and we believe that the admitted talents, liberality, and proverbial industry of "the family," will maintain it as one of the most popular feasts of the city.

A FAST YOUTH.—There is a boy, says the Albany *Knickerbocker*, not over fourteen years of age, stopping at the principal hotel in this city, who keeps a trotting horse and buggy, bets high "with the best of 'em," smokes a dollar's worth of cigars a day, drinks juleps and cobbles innumerable, struts about with the fashionables, and orders his bottle of champagne regularly at dinner. His air is as consequential as that of the Great Mogul, and he deems his society highly

essential to the comfort of everybody. We saw him clinking glasses with men old enough to be his grandsire, and swallow two juleps in the space of fifteen minutes. He foots his bills punctually, and claims to have a fortune, (which, in this case, is a misfortune.) He is from Baltimore, and is travelling westward on a tour of recuperation and observation.

FOSSIL REMAINS.—Nearly four feet of the remains of a *Dikelocephalus Minnesotensis* were discovered by Dr. A. Johnson, on Thursday, the 21st of August, immediately below the Falls, where the workmen are blasting for the mill of Rogers & Co. The specimen is a very large and perfect one. It was taken from a piece of rock, that had occupied about the middle strata of the upper magnesian limestone. Owen, the geologist, speaks of this rare and imperfectly known species of fossil as being first found "ninety or one hundred feet below the base of the lower magnesian limestone, near the margin of Lake St. Croix, above Stillwater, toward the base of the La Grange Mountains, and at the slide below Lake Pepin, on the Mississippi."

SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.—A wealthy farmer named Simonds, residing some twelve miles from Newburgh, on the Hudson River, "had a presentiment" ten years ago that he would die on the 20th of August, 1856. He set it down as a fixed fact, selected a spot for his grave, bought an iron fence for it, a fine tomb-stone and an elegant coffin, and had everything in readiness for the solemn event. On the day fixed for the event he had a clergyman and a sexton at hand, ate a hearty dinner with his friends, and went to bed to die. He did his best, but his ghost would not be given up, and he now confesses his ludicrous folly.



TOWN AND HARBOR OF MATHIAS, MICHIGAN.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

USAR CHESSEBORN: Your kindness in so graciously allowing me to consult with you and what I please in our game, surpasseth belief. As, however, I intend to do just as I please about it, I shall decline your offer to consult, etc. [A true woman!] You chess players are, without exception, so thoroughly egotistical that if one were allowed to venture a single remark on any game, he would be certain to claim all the laurels that skill or fortune might throw in his lap. [Wouldn't it be convenient to have a scape-goat on whom to throw the blame in case of defeat?] However, to prove that I am not ungrateful for your kindness, I "graciously" accord the permission to consult. Messrs. Lloyd, Parry and Marache, of this country, and Messrs. Stanton and Anderson, of Europe, is that satisfactory? [Perfectly.] Apropos of the egotism of chess players, the following: "To be a good chess player is prima facie evidence of a gentleman." Every chess player adopts this as the most essential part of his creed, mentally analyzing it thus: A chess player is necessarily a gentleman. I'm a chess player—ergo, I'm a gentleman; and up goes his chin in the air, and off he goes to the club, or to be shaved, or something else equally characteristic of the "lords of creation." Humbug! [Your logic, argument and ratiocination are equally sound and perspicacious.] Allow me to tell you, Editorial Sir, and gentlemen of the New York Chess Club, that to be a good player is to be a lady or a ladies'-man. There is but one exception to this rule—your respected Secretary; and if "Annie," bearing in mind that it is long years, has not sufficient courage to attempt reclaiming him, I have. [Unfortunately for lady of you already have been amiable, and accomplished wife, and, in, we believe, the father of a numerous progeny.]

NELLIE: P. S.—Chess editors are apt to carry this rule too far. Can you take a hint, Mr. F? [We wouldn't for the world!]

P. S.—Talk about Mrs. F "Candling" you! she doesn't do it; if she did, you would have better manners than to publish my private remarks. To punish you, I had half determined not to write any more postscripts, but that would be so inconvenient for a lady that I must forgive you. So you want to go to Pennsylvania because your "heart is in the matter." [Alluding to a private letter of the editor, wherein he spoke of going on a "stumping" tour.] Of course it is. "Annie" is in Pennsylvania. [Annie is hanged! No, we don't mean that; we mean that Annie is in Pennsylvania.] Our friends have hanged us to death about her, and we are now hung upon both horns of two dilemmas. We want to offend neither of you, and can say with Capt. Macbeth:

"How happy would I be with either,
Were 't'other dear charmer away."

Annie is displeased with us for some reason unknown, and we are not going to run the risk of losing her favor by trying to win her back. We are very proud of her, and she is very proud of us. You have concluded to give me a prize, because we are complete. "Annie," it seems, has but to lift a finger to give me a prize. [She would have to lift it very high to connect better problems than your last two.] But as well content that I am somewhat jealous of Annie—not of her chess strength, but of her hold she seems to have in your good graces. My own confession, you are horribly faithless. [Blunder, my dear!] I warn you I am not to be trifled with. [We never "trifle" with ladies.] When Annie returns to New York, I wish, if I have the requisite strength, to challenge her to play a game. Perhaps that might excite some interest in the chess community; if it was only the novelty of the thing—a match between "Annie" of the Clipper, and "Nellie" of the Illustrated. What do you think of it? [A capital idea, which we hope Annie will favor.] Below I enter my five-move enigmas for the prize. I suppose I shall have to hurry with my enigmas in three moves. By-the-by, I have a great curiosity to know what the prize is to be. A new bonnet? [We give you the choice of a new bonnet or a fine India proof of our chess portraits.]

ENIGMA NO. 5, BY "NELLIE."

WHITE: K to K R sq; B to Q B sq and K B 4; B to Q sq and K K 7; K to Q R 4 and K 6; P to Q R 3 and 4, Q R 7 and K B 3 and 5.
BLACK: K to Q 3; B to Q sq; K to K 1; P to Q B 1 and K Q.

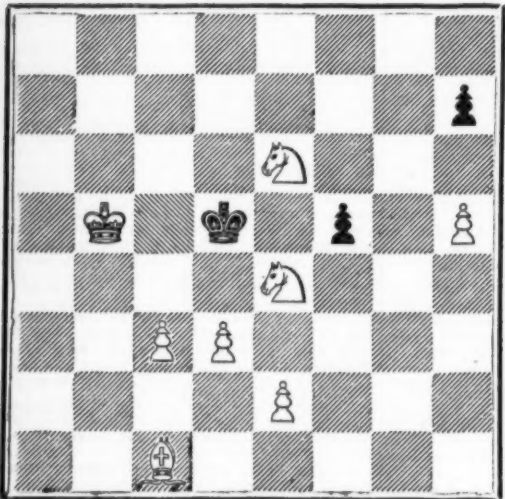
White to play and mate in five moves.

[This is "tip-top," and ought to be diagrammed. We advise our readers to work at it.] To me this seems better than the other, but one cannot always decide on their own productions. Surely you do not mean to publish any of my last. [Your request came too late.] Not only was it intended to be perfectly correct, but I was rather unwell when I wrote it. "Would be ungenerous to publish any of it." Yours.
We have added the Berlin Schachzeitung to our exchange list, which embraces every chess periodical in the world that is worth taking. Our last addition is the most valuable. It is edited by Herr Andersen and some other Herr, whose name has slipped from our recollection. The contents are varied and instructive, comprising many games and problems by Hesse, Petoff, Jönisch and other celebrities. Our friend Daniel S. Roberts, of Brooklyn, has kindly translated the following game, to which he has appended his own admirable notes. We shall often enrich our columns by transcripts from the Schachzeitung. W. T. J., Augusta, Me.—Your request has been complied with.

KETPORT, September, 1886.
Ma. Editor: Prompt to the call, we enclose a "fresh batch" and a few variations upon the problem published in your issue, which we suppose you will consider as "enhancement of the difficulty and beauty" of the problem. [No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!] Enter us for a match for a set of those Fuller Chess-men, to come off about the same time that the never-to-be-found Monsieur Foodick terminates that traditional match. You flourish with the ladies; has this transfer of favor to the disesteemed Mr. Macche as to induce him to retire from the editorial sanctum. We have received from friend King your analysis, and are fain to acknowledge the corn. Yours to command, THE LORDS.
Several answers to correspondents are crowded out.

PROBLEM XLII.—By J. A. P., Salem, Mass.—White to play and mate in six moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAME XLII.—BISHOP'S GAMBIT.—Game between Herr EKEHL and Herr SEEN, from the Berlin Schachzeitung, of July, 1886.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 K to P 2	K to P 2	16 Q to Q 2	Q B takes Kt (ch)
2 K B to P 2	Q to B (ch)	17 K takes B (d)	Q P takes P
3 K B to Q B 4	Q to B (ch)	18 Q P retakes	Q Kt to Q 2
4 K to B 3	K Kt to P 2	19 Q R to K sq	K R to P 1 (e)
5 Q Kt to B 2	K B to K Kt 2	20 Kt to Q 4	Q B to P 2
6 Q to P 2	K B to K 2	21 K B takes K B P R to K B sq	
7 K Kt to P 1 (a)	P takes P	22 K to K Kt 4 (f)	K R takes B (g)
8 K to Kt 2 (b)	Q to R 3	23 K retakes	Q to K 3
9 R P takes P	Q to K Kt 3	24 B takes Q B P (h)	K to Q B sq
10 K Kt to B 3	K R to P 1	25 Q takes Q	Q takes Q
11 Q Kt to P 1 (c)	Q to P 1	26 Kt to K 7 (ch)	K to Q sq
12 K P to K 5	Q B to K Kt 5	27 Kt takes Q	Kt takes B
13 K B to Q 3	K B to P 2	28 K to P 1	K to K sq
14 Q Kt to Q Kt 5	K Kt to Q 4	29 K R to K B sq	black resigns.
15 Q B to Q R 3	K Kt to Q 4		

NOTES TO GAME XLII.

(a) To this point the moves are the usual routine moves of the Bishop's Gambit, but pawn to knight third is one of the latest variations, and but few examples of it can be found either in the works of chess authors, or among published games actually played by chess masters. For ourselves we consider it the strongest method of carrying on the attack, and with our amateurs would furnish us with an analysis of it.

(b) This, as will be seen, is the first step of a bold and yet safe advance of the king to the support of his own game at this early stage, which, to say the least, is very unlike the usual conduct of his majesty. By it the adverse queen is compelled to provide for her own safety by an early retreat.

(c) Thus far the moves appear to be forced, according to principles of correct attack and necessary defense, but now the play of queen's knight pawn seems to be a sort of coup d'etat compared with the ferociousness of the attack hitherto. A closer examination, however, shows it to have been made with a purpose, and that it has an aim for a time shifted the battle to that part of the field. In fact, in this game it very singularly happens that the play of the king's knight pawn followed by the queen's knight's pawn one leads the column of attack on both wings.

(d) The king here takes a seemingly compulsory step further into the field, but yet one that strengthens his game. In fact, the queen was moved to queen second, not alone to prevent the checking of the king and queen by the knight, but to invite the exchange apparently. These moves of a double intent are among the distinguishing marks of the great chess player, serving to make more clear the line which divides the master from the amateur.

(e) This move and the following one seem to us to be rather calculated to advance the game of white, by driving his knight into an aggressive position, though since seen could not find anything better to do, we desire not to be overhasty in recommending a different course of play. Let our young players, who certainly have some presumption, try their hands at meeting the matter from this stage of the game.

(f) An admirable move! Indeed the use made of this king throughout the whole game, indicates the skill of a consummate master, and that his moves have been perfectly sound as well as bold is proved by the fact, that the defeated adversary is seen, the great Hungarian.

(g) A sacrifice of the exchange; but what else could the "Bery Hun" do to help his waning fortune?

(h) Perfectly safe. Should he take the bishop, the queen's bishop's pawn pins the knight, and the centre pawns, united by his capture, would soon prove that in union there is strength, a truth somewhat forgotten in the evil days we have fallen upon.

(i) Now begins a series of exchanges forced on by white, the result of which is, to leave a centre pawn on the high road to advancement; which black foreseeing, wisely resigns the game. In fact at the 29th move the knight could have checked king and rook, gaining the latter. Play would be would white could scarcely have lost the game.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XL.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to K 6	K moves	42 Q to K B 3 (ch)	K moves
2 Kt to Q 7	K "	43 Q to K B 2 (ch)	K "
3 Kt to Q R 5	K "	44 Q to K 2 (ch)	K "
4 Kt to K 7 (ch)	K "	45 B to K B 3 (ch)	K "

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
5 Kt to Q B 6	K moves	46 P to Q B 4 (dis ch)	K moves
6 Kt to Q 7	K "	47 Q to K Kt 3 (ch)	K "
7 B to K 1	K "	48 Q to Q B 2 (ch)	K "
8 B to Q 2	K "	49 R to K 2 (ch)	K "
9 B to Q 3	K "	50 R to K 3 (dis ch)	K "
10 B to Q B sq	K "	51 Q to her sq	K to K B 7
11 B to Q Kt 2	K "	52 Q to K 2 (ch)	K moves
12 B to Q R sq	K "	53 Q to K B sq (ch)	K "
13 R from K B 6 to K Kt 7	K "	54 R to K 2 (ch)	K "
14 R to K 6	K "	55 R to K Kt 2 (ch)	K to K R 5
15 Kt to Q Kt 1	K "	56 Q to K B 4 (ch)	K to K R 6
16 Q to K B 5	K "	57 Q to K B 3 (ch)	K moves
17 Q to K 6	K "	58 Q to K Kt 3 (ch)	K "
18 K to K B 2	K "	59 Q to K Kt 4 (ch)	K "
19 K to K B 3	K "	60 Q to K Kt 5 (ch)	K "
20 K to K B 4	K "	61 Q to K Kt 6 (ch)	K "
21 K to K B 5	K "	62 Q to K B 6 (ch)	K "
22 Q to K Kt 6 (ch)	K "	63 R to K R 2 (ch)	K "
23 Q to K B 6 (ch)	K "	64 Q to K Kt 6 (ch)	K "
24 R to K Kt 7 (ch)	K "	65 R to K R 3 (ch)	K "
25 R to K Kt 6 (dis ch)	K "	66 R to K 8 (ch)	K "
26 Q to K B 7 (ch)	K "	67 Q to K 6 (ch)	K "
27 Q to K B 8 (ch)	K "	68 P to Q B 5	K takes Kt
28 R to K Kt 7 (ch)	K "	69 Q to her 7 (ch)	K takes R
29 Q to K B 6 (ch)	K "	70 P to Q B 6	K moves
30 Q to K Kt 6 (ch)	K "	71 R to K 7	K "
31 Q to K Kt 5 (ch)	K "	72 Kt to Q B 7 (ch)	K to Q R 4
32 Q to K Kt 4 (ch)	K "	73 Kt to K 6	K moves
33 Q to K Kt 3 (ch)	K "	74 Kt to Q 8	K "
34 Q to K B 3 (ch)	K "	75 R to K 7	K "
35 R to K Kt 2 (ch)	K "	76 Kt to Q Kt 7	K "
36 R to K 2 (dis ch)	K "	77 Kt to Q B 6 (dis ch)	K to Q R sq
37 Q to K B 2 (ch)	K "	78 Kt to K 6	K moves
38 Q to K B 3 (ch)	K "	79 Q to Q R 7 (ch)	K "
39 Q to K R 2 (ch)	K "	80 Q to Q R 6 (ch)	K "
40 R to K Kt 2 (dis ch)	K "	81 P to Q B 7 mate	K "
41 Q to K Kt 3 (ch)	K "		

FINANCIAL.

WEDNESDAY, September 10.

THERE was increased business in the Stock Market yesterday, and a further advance of $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cent. was paid on Erie shares, which movement favorably influenced nearly the entire list of Road Stocks. The business registered at the Board was equal to 13,000 shares, the leading demand running on Erie, Toledo, New York Central, and Michigan Central. Both the Michigan Roads are held for a further advance, their receipts this Fall promising unprecedented results, although this remark equally applies to nearly all the Western trunk lines. The August returns from the Galena and Chicago, and Michigan Central, are only a fair sample of the general run of the business, the increase over last year ranging 20 to 30 per cent. The August earnings of the two trunk lines of New York have not yet been adjusted. The gross receipts indicate an increase of \$100,000 on the Erie, and between \$150,000 and \$170,000 on the Central. Illinois Central Scrip advanced to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. The Construction Bonds sold at 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. State Stocks fair at previous quotations. There are few offerings even of the Virginia and Missouri issues, which are the principal ones actually dealt in at the Broker's Board. The general market closed this afternoon quite firm. The last quotation for Erie on the Street, 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 61 $\frac{3}{4}$ cent. The demand for Money was active from the Stock Brokers; the mercantile offerings at Bank less than last week, and the supply of prime paper with the Discount Brokers not in excess of the means, seeking employment at from 5 to 6 per cent. There was a larger business done in Sterling between the Bankers at 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 100 $\frac{3}{4}$ cent., one or two leading houses being heavy buyers, and a fair trade inquiry at 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 100 $\frac{3}{4}$ cent. A parcel of transient bills from Philadelphia, \$250,000 based on a recent negotiation in London for the Lebanon Valley Road, was taken at 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. For France the demand continues fair at 5.16 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5.15. At the close the demand on both London and Paris was fully answered within the quotations, and some good bills left over. The exact amount of Gold sent to Boston by express this afternoon for shipment, is \$309,208. The Sub Treasury received \$275,000 and disbursed \$206,000 for all accounts.

THE MARKETS.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 10.—Coffee is pretty freely sought after at full rates. Java, 14c. @ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.; Mocha, 11c. @ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.; Rio, 10c. @ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.; and St. Domingo at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. @ 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Cotton.—Desirable lots are in very light supply and good demand at about the annexed quotations: New York Clearinghouse.—Ordinary Uplands 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Florida 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Mobile 10 c. do. N. O. and Texas 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Middle Fair Uplands 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Florida 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Mobile 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. N. O. and Texas 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Fair Uplands 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Florida 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Mobile 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. N. O. and Texas 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Fair Uplands 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Florida 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Mobile 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. N. O. and Texas 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Fair Uplands 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. Florida 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. do. 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